YOUNGBLOOD #3
DANDY IN THE UNDERWORLD (24 PAGES)

PAGE 1.
PANEL 1.
A FOUR PANEL PAGE TO OPEN WITH. THIS FIRST PANEL IS A LONGSHOT OF YOUNGBLOOD MANOR BY NIGHT, LOOKING AT IT ALONG THE LENGTH OF ITS GROUNDS, WITH TREES LOOMING UP AROUND IT IN THE BACKGROUND. WE ARE LOOKING AT IT FROM A POINT OF VIEW FAIRLY HIGH UP IN THE AIR AS WE APPROACH IT. SHAFT AND TWILIGHT'S BALLOONS ISSUE FROM THE MANSION.
TWILIGHT (FROM MANSION) : ...so being in suspended ANIMATION, I missed the 'eighties and early 'nineties when YOUR generation was coming up. What was it LIKE?
SHAFT (FROM MANSION) : Pretty INTENSE. Sort of CROWDED. There were super-teams EVERYWHERE and six
NEW
ones every MONTH.
SHAFT 9FROM MANSION) : Even super-team FANS like WAXEY couldn't keep up in the 'NINTIES!

PANEL 2.
SAME ANGLE, BUT NOW WE MOVE IN CLOSER ON THE MANSION, WITH ITS ILLUMINATED DOWNSTAIRS FRENCH WINDOW. IT IS AS IF WE ARE TRAVELLING THROUGHT THE AIR, SWOOPING DOWN TOWARDS THE MANSION FROM WHICH SHAFT AND TWILIGHT'S BALLOONS ARE EMANATING.
TWILIGHT (FROM MANSION) : Yeah, what WAS that? And most of them seemed to be CYBORGS or MUTANTS!
TWILIGHT (FROM MANSION) : You know, Jeff, you're one of the only modern SUPERS I've met who's non-powered, like me.
SHAFT (FROM MANSION) : Yeah. I guess there were more heroes without ADDITIVES in your day: you and the PROFESSOR, the FISHERMAN,
STORMBIRD
and the CONQUERORS...

PANEL 3.
WE CONTINUE TO CLOSE IN UPON THE MANSION, WHICH NOW PROBABLY FILLS MOST IF NOT ALL OF THE PANEL. THE ILLUMINATED FRENCH WINDOWS DOWNSTAIRS ARE NOW MUCH BIGGER, AND THROUGH THEM, WE CAN SEE SHAFT AND TWILIGHT SITTING TALKING IN THE ELEGANT ROOM BEYOND, WITH TWILIGHT CURLED UP ON A SOFA OVER TO OUR LEFT AND SHAFT SITTING LOUNGING BACK IN A CHAIR OVER TO OUR RIGHT. THEY BOTH SEEM RELAXED IN EACH OTHER'S COMPANY.

PAGE 1.

PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)

TWILIGHT : Mm. But it's like BANDS these days, there's more WOMEN around. That's good.

TWILIGHT : SUPREMA doesn't think so. "But LINDA, they all dress like TROLLOPS!"

SHAFT : HA HA HA! You do her voice really well. That SQUEAKY thing she does.

SHAFT : Did you hear RACHEL told her everyone could see up her SKIRT?

PANEL 4.

WE CONTINUE TO CLOSE IN UPON THE ILLUMINATED WINDOW, SO THAT NOW IT FILLS ALMOST THE WHOLE FRAME AND WE ARE LOOKING THROUGH IT AT TWILIGHT ON THE LEFT AND SHAFT ON THE RIGHT. TWILIGHT SMILES AND GAZES AT SHAFT AS SHE SPEAKS TO HIM, LOOKING RELAXED. SHAFT SUDDENLY TURNS AND LOOKS DIRECTLY OUT OF THE PANEL AT US ANDTHE READER, HIS FEATURES REGISTERING A LOOK OF SURPRISE AS IF HE HAS SUDDENLY SEEN SOMETHING OFF PANEL OUT THE WINDOW. IN FACT, IT LOOKS AS IF HE'S SUDDENLY SEEN WHATEVER HAS BEEN SWOOPING DOWN TOWARDS THE MANSION OVER THE LAST THREE PANELS.

TWILIGHT : Yeah. I like Rachel. She's okay.

TWILIGHT : I bet she's good with her PATIENTS as a DOCTOR. No waiting for TREATMENT, that's for sure!

SHAFT : Yeah. She's...

SHAFT : Jeez, what the Hell is...?

PAGE 2.

PANEL 1.

A FULL PAGE PANEL HERE, FROM INSIDE THE MANSION ROOM, LOOKING OUT THROUGH THE FRENCH WINDOWS WITH TWILIGHT AND SHAFT BOTH JUMPING UP FROM THEIR CHAIRS IN THE FOREGROUND AS THEY GAZE TOWARDS THE IMMEDIATE BACKGROUND IN SHOCK. SMASHING IN TOWARDS US AND THEM THROUGH THE GLASS OF THE FRENCH WINDOW ARE A NUMBER OF ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMEN WHO ARE WEARING A VARIANT VERSION OF THE COSTUME WORN BY *JACK-A-DANDY.* THIS IS TO SAY THAT THEY WAIT TOP HATS, BOWTIES, WAISTCOATS AND GLOVES, ALONG WITH LONG AND DANDYISH JACKETS, BUT THEY ALSO WEAR TIGHTS OR STOCKINGS AND HIGH HEEL SHOES. EACH OF THEM CARRIES A WALKING CANE LIKE JACK'S OWN, WHICH THEY ARE USING HERE TO FLY WITH, SINCE EACH CANE OBVIOUSLY CONTAINS A LITTLE ROCKET PACK. I FIGURE THEY JUST HANG ON TO THE CANE LIKE IT WAS THE STEM OF A SKYROCKET, BUT IF THERE'S SOME WAY THAT LOOKS MORE NATURAL THEN GO FOR IT. THESE WOMEN ARE CALLED *THE JACKETTES,* AND AS THE FIRST TWO OR THREE SMASH IN THROUGH THE WINDOW TOWARDS THE STARTLED SHAFT AND TWILIGHT WE CAN SEE MORE OF THEM

SOARING ACROSS THE DARK MANOR GROUNDS TOWARDS US AND THE WINDOW FROM

PAGE 2.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

THE BACKGROUND. THERE CAN BE AS MANY AS YOU LIKE...JUST SO LONG AS THERE'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A REALISTIC-LOOKING ATTACK FORCE. MAYBE THEY COULD ALL HAVE DIFFERENT COLOR JACKETS AND HATS, IF THAT LOOKED NICE. ALL OF THEM PROBABLY WEAR MONOCLES AS WELL. I IMAGINE THEY'LL PROBABLY LOOK PRETTY SEXY IN A WEIRD MARLENA DEITRICH TRANSSEXUAL WAY. THE JACKETTE'S EXPRESSIONS ARE MEAN AND NO-NONSENSE AS THEY SMASH THROUGH THE WINDOW TOWARDS US IN A CASCADE OF SHATTERED GLASS. THE LOGO AND EPISODE TITLE GO DOWN TOWARDS THE BOTTOM SOMEWHERE.

FIRST JACKETTE : Strike HARD, Jackettes!

FIRST JACKETTE : That way our MASTER will have won his WAGER about destroying YOUNGBLOOD, even if he DOES still languish in the dark depths of an ASYLUM!

LOGO : ***YOUNGBLOOD***

TITLE : ***DANDY IN THE UNDERWORLD***

PAGE 3.

PANEL 1.

NOW A FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE ARE JUST BEHIND ONE OFNTHE LEADING JACKETTES, WHO IS FACING AWAY FROM US ROUGHLY HALF FIGURE IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND. WITH A SNARL OF MALICE, SHE BRINGS UP HER CANE AND USES IT AS A CANNON, FIRING AN EXPLOSIVE BLAST TOWARDS THE BACKGROUND, WHERE NTWILIGHT AND SHAFT BOTH DIVE OUT OF ITS WAY, LEAPING IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS WITH TWILIGHT LEAPING TO OUR LEFT AND SHAFT LEAPING TO OUR RIGHT, ALREADY STARTING TO DRAW AN ARROW FROM HIS QUIVER IN READINESS. TWILIGHT REACHES FOR ONE OF THE BLACKOUR BOMBS ATTACHED TO HER COSTUME. MAYBE WE CAN SEE ANOTHER JAKETTE OR TWO ALSO CROWDING AGGRESSIVELY INTO THE FOREGROUND. THE CANE CANNON BLAST MAYBE TOTALS A BOOKCASE BEHIND THE PAIR AS THEY DIVE OUT OF THE WAY.

TWILIGHT : JACKETTES? Shaft, these are updated versions of a mob that JACK-A-DANDY used in the 'SIXTIES!

TWILIGHT : Watch out for the CANE CANNONS! They're LETHAL!

SHAFT : DAMN! When is Waxey going to get some decent SECURITY for this place? Last month it was SENTINEL'S crew, and now THIS!

PANEL 2.

MAYBE HERE WE EITHER HAVE TWILIGHT AND SHAFT FACING AWAY FROM US IN THE FOREGROUND, OR WE PERHAPS SEE THEM FROM ABOVE. IN EITHER CASE, TWILIGHT, MORE TOWARDS OUR LEFT, IS HURLING HER BLACK OUT BOMB WHICH ERUPTS INTO A SQUID LIKE

CLOUD OF BLACKNESS. SHAFT, MORE TO OUR RIGHT, IS PERHAPS FIRING AN ARROW TIPPED WITH A CYLINDER OF HARD RUBBER, WHICH IS HITTING ONE OF THE JACKETTE'S ON THE CHIN AND KNOCKING HER

PAGE 3.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

BACKWARDS.

TWILIGHT : Yeah...hey! The LOUNGE LIZARD from Sentinel's team is back in MISKATONIC ASYLUM now!

TWILIGHT : Maybe it was with HIM that Jack-A-Dandy made that WAGER they mentioned!

SHAFT : I couldn't SAY. YOU know these lunatics better than I do. Were ALL the 'sixties villains just NUTS, or WHAT?

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLE AGAIN SO THAT NOW TWILIGHT AND SHAFT ARE FACING US, AND ARE BOTH QUITE CLOSE TO THE FOREGROUND. TWILIGHT, ON THE LEFT, DIVES THROUGH THE CLOUD OF BLACKNESS SHE'S GENERATED TO SOCK ONE OF THE JACKETTE'S ON THE JAW. MORE TOWARDS OUR RIGHT, SHAFT DODGES ANOTHER BLAST FROM A CANE CANNON AND NOTCHES ANOTHER TRICK ARROW IN HIS BOW. THEY BOTH FACE US, INTENT ON THE FIGHT. LOOKING PAST THEM INTO THE RIGHT BACKGROUND WE CAN SEE THAT ONE OF THE JACKETTES HAS DETACHED HERSELF FROM THE REST OF THE GROUP AND HAS SNUCK TO THE REAR OF THE ROOM, BEHIND TWILIGHT AND SHAFT, WHERE WE SEE HER HERE JUST LETTING HERSELF OUT THROUGH THE ROOM'S DOOR BEHIND THEM, WHICH LEADS OUT TO THE REST OF THE MANSION BEYOND. THIS LONE JACKETTE SHOOTS A CAUTIOUS GLANCE BACK TOWARDS THE TWO HEROES FIGHTING IN THE FOREGROUND AS SHE OPENS THE DOOR AND SLIPS OUT OF THE ROOM UNNOTICED INTO THE CORRIDOR BEYOND.

TWILIGHT : Pretty MUCH. There was a lot of CACKLING in LAB COATS went on, as I remember. Did the early '90s villains cackle?

SHAFT : Nah. They just NUKED everybody.

SHAFT : Say, when are we gonna get some BACK-UP here?

PANEL 4.

NOW WE ARE OUTSIDE THE ROOM IN THE DIMLY LIT BUT ELEGANT CORRIDOR BEYOND. WE SEE THE PARTLY OPEN DOOR TO THE ROOM WHERE THE FIGHT IS GOING ON OVER ON THE RIGHT, FURTHER UP THE CORRIDOR AWAY FROM US INTO THE BACKGROUND AS WE LOOK DOWN IT. YELLOW LIGHT SPILLS OUT FROM THE FIGHT ROOM INTO THE CORRIDOR, AS DO TWILIGHT AND SHAFT'S WORD BALLOONS. IN THE FOREGROUND WE SEE THE LONE JACKETTE AS SHE COMES STEALTHILY DOWN THE DARK CORRIDOR TOWARDS US. WHERE SHE IS CREEPING OFF TO WITHIN THE MANSION IS ANYONE'S GUESS. HER EXPRESSION IS VERY PURPOSEFUL.

TWILIGHT (FROM ROOM) : Ah, WE can handle THESE! If we wake LEONARD

up he'll just knock all the WALLS down again, right after Suprema REBUILT them for us!

TWILIGHT (FROM ROOM) : Or WORSE, WAXEY could get involved.

SHAFT (FROM ROOM) : God FORBID! I only just got all the SLIME off my shoes after LAST month!

PAGE 4.

PANEL 1.

NOW A TWO PANEL PAGE, WITH THE SECOND PANEL THE BIGGEST. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE ARE BACK IN THE ROOM WHERE THE FIGHT IS GOING ON. OVER IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND WE CAN SEE BOTH TWILIGHT AND SHAFT AS THEY CONTINUE TO FIGHT AGAINST THE TEEMING JACKETTES, WHO CHARGE TOWARDS THEM FROM THE LEFT AND RIGHT OF THE FOREGROUND. A JACKETTE IN THE EXTREME RIGHT OF THE FOREGROUND IS TURNING ROUND TO LOOK DIRECTLY TOWARDS US OVER HER SHOULDER, HER EYES WIDENING WITH SHOCK AND HORROR AS SHE DESPERATELY TRIES TO GET THE ATTENTION OF THE JACKETTE NEXT TO HER BY TUGGING HER SLEEVE. MAYBE THE JACKETTE ON THE EXTREME RIGHT WHO IS STARING AT US AND WHATEVER SHE CAN SEE OFF PANEL IN THE FOREGROUND IS SO SHOCKED-LOOKING THAT HER EYE WIDENS INVOLUNTARILY AND HER MONOCLE DROPS OUT TO DANGLE ON ITS STRING. THE BALLOON OF THE OFF PANEL JOHNNY PANIC ISSUES FROM OFF PANEL IN THE CENTRE BOTTOM FOREGROUND.

TWILIGHT : Hmm. Even SO, these new CANE CANNONS that the Jackettes have seem to be doing more DAMAGE!

TWILIGHT : Maybe a little help WOULDN'T go amiss...

JOHNNY (OFF, F/G) : How about a BIG help?

1st. JACKETTE : AAAA! Oh GOD! Jackette number seven, LOOK! LOOK at it!

PANEL 2.

NOW WE CHANGE ANGLE SO THAT SHAFT AND TWILIGHT ARE SOMEWHERE OFF PANEL IN THE FOREGROUND BEHIND US. WE ARE STANDING IMMEDIATELY BEHIND A FEW OF THE JACKETTES AS THEY TURN AWAY FROM US TO GAPE IN STUNNED AMAZEMENT TOWARDS THE BACKGROUND, WHERE WE SEE A LARGE AND EXTRAVAGANTLY COLOURED DINOSAUR STANDING IN THE ELEGANT SITTING ROOM IN THE BACKGROUND. IT STANDS TOWERING ABOVE THE JACKETTE'S GRINNING DOWN AT THEM WHILE SHOWING HUGE ROWS OF TYRRANOSAUR TEETH. THE JACKETTES IN THE FOREGROUND FLINCH BACK IN SHOCK. THE JACKETTE TO OUR RIGHT OF THE FOEEGROUND LOOKS MORE ANGRY THAT SHOCKED THOUGH, AND STARTS TO BRING UP HER CANE CANNON TO AIM AT THE DINOSAUR. WE WILL CALL THIS JACKETTE "SECOND JACKETTE".

DINOSAUR : So, TELL me, girls, what shocks you MOST? Is it that I'm a DINOSAUR...

DINOSAUR : ...or is it that I'm...heh heh... buck NAKED?

2ND. JACKETTE : Don't be a MORON, number five! It's an ILLUSION hiding the one they call JOHNNY PANIC! Blow him to PIECES!

PAGE 5.

PANEL 1.

ANOTHER FOUR PANEL PAGE NOW. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE CHANGE

PAGE 5.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

ANGLE, MAYBE WITH THE HOLOGRAM DINOSAUR NOW UP IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND AND FACING AWAY FROM US TOWARDS THE LEFT BACKGROUND. IT IS LOOKING MORE TRANSPARENT AND LIKE A HOLGRAM FROM CLOSE UP. IN THE CENTRE MIDDLEGROUND IS THE 2ND. JACKETTE, WHO WAS ABOUT TO FIRE ON THE DINOSAUR LAST PANEL. IN THE NEAR LEFT BACKGROUND WE SEE ANOTHER ONE OF THE JACKETTES..OR RATHER WE HALF SEE HER. HER FORM IS MELTING AWAYTO REVEAL THE GRINNINGFIGURE OF JOHNNY PANIC CONCEALED BENEATH. HE HAS HIS BUZZ GUN DRAWN AND SMILES AS HE FIRES A DRUG DART INTO THE SHOULDER OF THE SECOND JACKETTE IN THE CENTRE MIDDLEGROUND. OTHER JACKETTES MAYBE LOOK ON IN SURPRISE AS JOHNNY REVEALS HIMSELF AMONGST THEIR NUMBER.

JOHNNY : Nuh-uh. It ain't the illusion of the DINOSAUR that's hiding "The one they call Johnny Panic".

JOHNNY : It's the illusion of chorus girl NINETEEN over here that you gotta WATCH!

F.X. (DART) : ***ptoof***

2nd. JACKETTE : >*UNNGH*<

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLE SO THAT NOW WE CAN MAYBE SEE A LITTLE OF TWILIGHT, SHAFT AND/OR JOHNNY PANIC FACING AWAY FROM US AS THEY LOOM IN FROM EITHER SIDE OF THE FOREGROUND. IN THE IMMEDIATE BACKGROUND, THE ASSEMBLED JACKETTES STAND FACING US. ONE ON THE LEFT, WHO WE'LL CALL 1ST. JACKETTE FOR THE SAKE OF THIS PANEL, IS STARTING TO HELP PICK UP THE NOW UNCONSCIOUS JACKETTE WITH JOHNNY'S DART IN HER SHOULDER FROM THE FLOOR WHERE SHE IS SPRAWLED. IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND WE CAN SEE A COUPLE OF THE JACKETS ARE ALREADY ACTIVATING THE JET-PACK FACILITY OF THEIR CANE AND ARE STARTING TO SOAR UP THROUGH THE BROKEN WINDOW I THE BACKGROUND AND OUT INTO THE NIGHT. OVER ON THE RIGHT WE SEE A JACKETTE WE WILL CALL "2ND. JACKETTE" AS SHE FLINGS A WHITE GLASS BALL DOWN ONTO THE FLOOR IN FRONT OF HER WHERE IT SHATTERS TO RELEASE A BILLOWING AND DENSE WHITE CLOUD OF EXPANDING, RISING TALCUM POWDER; A BIT LIKE THE WHITE VERSION OF ONE OF TWILIGHT'S BLACK OUT BOMBS.

1ST. JACKETTE : These ODDS are starting to look BAD, fellow JACKETTES!

1ST. JACKETTE : I suggest we get OUT of here FAST! The MASTER will have to collect on his wager ANOTHER time!

2ND. JACKETTE : Agreed! An application of GENTLEMAN'S TALCUM should

cover our RETREAT!

PANEL 3.
NOW WE ARE JUST OUTSIDE THE ROOM AGAIN AND INTHE CORRIDOR

<u>PAGE 5.</u>
PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)
BEYOND THE STILL OPEN DOOR TO THE REAR OF THE ROOM. THE DOOR IS UP IN THE FOREGROUND ON OUR LEFT. BILLOWING OUT FROM IT IS SOME OF THE EXPANDING CLOUD OF DENSE WHITE TALCUM, AND ALSO ISSUING OUT THROUGH IT ARE THE WORD BALLOONS OF TWILIGHT AND SHAFT. LOOKING PAST THE OPEN DOOR WITH THE TALCUM BILLOWING OUT AND ALONG THE CORRIDOR BEYOND IT WE SEE THAT THE DOOR ON OUR LEFT JUST BEYOND THE DOOR WITH THE TALCUM IS ALSO STANDING OPEN. BEYOND THIS, COMING DOWN THE DIMLY LIT CORRIDOR TOWARDS US AND THE DOORS IN THE FOREGROUND IN HIS WHEELCHAIR IS LEONARD. HE IS DRESSED IN PYJAMAS AND A DRESSING GOWN AND LOOKS IRRITATED AS HE WHEELS HINSELF DOWN THE DIMLY LIT PASSAGEWAY TOWARDS US.

TWILIGHT (THROUGH DOOR) : Shaft, they're getting AWAY! Hit 'em with your new WEB ARROW or something! *>COUGH<*

SHAFT (THROUGH DOOR) : Linda, I can't see my hand in front of my *>COUGH<* FACE!

SHAFT (THROUGH DOOR) : And why does this stuff have to *>COUGH<* smell of LAVENDER?

PANEL 4.
CHANGE ANGLE. WE ARE NOW AT LEONARD'S EYE LEVEL AS HE WHEELS HIS CHAIR PAST THE SECOND OPEN DOOR THAT WE COULD SEE IN THE BACKGROUND LAST PANEL. THE DOOR IS FACING US FROM THE BACKGROUND HERE, WITH LEONARD MORE OR LESS IN PROFILE AS HE WHEELS HIMSELF PAST IT, HEADED FROM RIGHT TO LEFT HERE. TWILIGHT BALLOONS ISSUE FROM OFF PANEL LEFT HERE. LEONARD, AS HE PASSES THE OPEN DOOR IN THE IMMEDIATE BACKGROUND, IS TURNING HIS HEAD TO LOOK IN THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR WITH A LOOK OF SURPRISE. INSIDE THE ROOM, WHICH IS YOUNGBLOOD'S COMPUTER FILE ROOM, WE SEE THE JACKETTE THAT WE SAW SNEAKING OUT OF THE FIGHT ROOM BACK ON PAGE THREE. SHE IS STANDING OVER A COMPUTER WHICH SHE HAS OBVIOUSLY BEEN CONSULTING THE SCREEN OF. SHE LOOKS UP AND TURNS TO LOOK TOWARDS US IN ALARM AS SHE HEARS LEONARD'S VOICE FROM THE OPEN DOORWAY UP IN THE FOREGROUND.

TWILIGHT (OFF, LEFT) : It's a Dandy TRADEMARK! You're *>COUGH<* LUCKY! I once spent three weeks blinded by
>COUGH<
EAU DE COLOGNE!

LEONARD : Hey...

PAGE 6.

PANEL 1.

FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE ARE INSIDE THE FIGHT ROOM, WHERE THERE IS THICK BILLOWING WHITE TALCUM DUST EVERYWHERE. VISIBLE THROUGH THIS WE SEE TWILIGHT AND SHAFT AS THEY TURN THEIR HEADS TOWARDS THE SOURCE OF THE CRY THAT

PAGE 6.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

ISSUES FROM OFF PANEL LEFT. WE CAN ONLY SEE THEM AS PALE SHAPES THROUGH THE ROLLING CLOUDS OF TALCUM. MAYBE JOHNY IS VAGUELY VISIBLE IN THE BACKGROUND, BUT IT LOOKS AS IF ALL OF THE JACKETTES HAVE DEPARTED UNDER THE COVER OF THE TALCUM FOG.

CRY (OFF, LEFT) : AAA!

TWILIGHT : What was THAT? It sounded like LEONARD...

SHAFT : ...and it came from the COMPUTER FILING ROOM next DOOR! Let's check it OUT!

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE LOOKING INTO THE FILING ROOM FROM THE FOREGROUND WITH TWILIGHT LEANING INTO THE LEFT FOREGROUND AS SHE ENTERS THE ROOM, MAYBE WITH SHAFT OR JOHNNY PANIC ENTERING THE FOREGROUND ON THE RIGHT. IN THE COMPUTER ROOM, LEOANRD SPRAWLS IN AN UNGLAINLY HEAP ON THE FLOOR IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND, HIS WHEELCHAIR OVERTUENED AND LYING TO ONE SIDE. IN THE BACKGROUND, WE CAN SEE THE JET-POWERED JACKETTE MAKING HER ESCAPE THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW UP INTO THE NIGHT BEYOND, MAYBE GLANCING BACK OVER HER SHOULDER AT THE HEROES IN THE ROOM BEHIND HER AS SHE DOES SO. LEONARD, SPRAWLING ON THE FLOOR, LOOKS VERY PISSED OFF. TWILIGHT, ON THE LEFT, LOOKS CONCERNED.

TWILIGHT : LEONARD! Are you ALLRIGHT?

LEONARD : Oh YEAH! I'm just lyin' down here on the FLOOR because it's time for my kindergarten NAP!

LEONARD : I mean, do I LOOK allright? That bitch blasted my CHAIR over before she took off!

PANEL 3.

FROM THE LEFT FOREGROUND, TWILIGHT KNEELS AND STARTS TO MOVE TO HELP LEONARD UP. LEONARD, IN THE CENTRE FOREGROUND, HAS MANAGED TO TURN HIS CHAIR UPRIGHT AGAIN AND IS JUST STARTING TO DRAG HIMSELF UP INTO IT. HE ANGRILY SHAKES OFF TWILIGHT'S HAND. IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND WE SEE SHAFT STEPPING OVER TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE COMPUTER THAT THE JACKETTE HAD BEEN USING. HE FROWNS. JOHNNY PANIC IS ALSO MAYBE STANDING SOMEWHERE OVER TOWARDS THE BACKGROUND SOMEWHERE.

TWILIGHT : Don't call women bitches, Leonard. If SUPREMA wasn't away freshening up the ATLANTIC, she'd probably MICROWAVE you.

TWILIGHT : Here, let me give you a HAND...

LEONARD : I'm OKAY! I can do it MYSELF! Jesus...

SHAFT : What was she DOING here in the file room anyway? I thought the raid's purpose was Youngblood's DESTRUCTION!

PAGE 6.

PANEL 4.

NOW TWILIGHT IS SOMEWHERE OVER ON THE LEFT, WEARING A DUBIOUS AND THOUGHTFUL EXPRESSION. IN THE CENTRE FOREGROUND WE SEE LEONARD, WHO HAS SUCCESSFULLY GOT HIMSELF UP AND BACK INTO HIS CHAIR. HE STILL LOOKS PISSED OFF AND IRRITATED. OVER IN THE NEAR RIGHT BACKGROUND, SHAFT'S FROWN IS DEEPENING AS HE STUDIES THE COMPUTER SCREEN.

TWILIGHT : Yeah...but even for super-villain HENCHMEN, they seemed to make sure they ADVERTIZED that fact!

TWILIGHT : They mentioned that thing about the wager TWICE.

LEONARD : Yeah, well, THIS one was looking through our FILES.

SHAFT : That's odd. It seems she called up the NIGHT FILE database that PROFESSOR NIGHT allowed us access to...

PAGE 7.

PANEL 1.

A FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS TOP PANEL WE ARE SLIGHTLY BEHIND THE FOUR ASSEMBLED HEROES AS THEY GATHER ROUND IN FRONT OF THE LARGE COMPUTER DISPLAY SCREEN, WHICH FACES US FROM THE BACKGROUND. SEATING HIMSELF IN THE CHAIR IN FRONT OF IT, SHAFT STARTS TO MOVE THE MOUSE SO THAT THE CURSOR MOVES OVER A LIST OF FILENAMES THAT IS ONE THE SCREEN. TWILIGHT, JOHNNY AND LEONARD LOOK ON WITH VARYING DEGREES OF INTEREST FROM THE FOREGROUND. TWILIGHT, MORE TO THE LEFT, SEEMS PUZZLED BY WHAT SHAFT HAS SAID. JOHNNY, MORE TO OUR RIGHT, SEEMS TO FIND THE NEWS ALMOST AMUSING, OR AT LEAST OFFERING SOME SORT OF ENTERTAINMENT FOR HIM.

TWILIGHT : The NIGHT FILES? But that's mostly old ARCHIVE material from the 'fifties and 'SIXTIES!

SHAFT : Hmm. Well, she was apparently checking out a summary of events from MAY, 1965...

JOHNNY : Hey, COOL! NOSTALGIA! Lemme SEE...

JOHNNY : Wow. GLORY was fighting her arch foe LILITH that month, while SUPREME was "TRAPPED BY THE TELEVILLAIN".

PANEL 2.

NOW TWILIGHT, SHAFT, JOHNNY AND LEONARD ARE ALL GATHERED AROUND THE COMPUTER, WHICH IS OVER TOWARDS THE LEFT BACKGROUND IN THIS SHOT. INTO THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, DOC ROCKET SLIDES INTO THE PANEL IN A BLUR OF SPEEDLINES, CALLING

OUT A CHEERY GREETING TO THE QUARTET GATHERED OVER BY THE COMPUTER IN THE BACKGROUND AS SHE DOES SO. THE QUARTET IN THE BACKGROUND DON'T PAY DOC TOO MUCH NOTICE, BEING MORE INTENT ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN.

PAGE 7.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

JOHNNY PANIC : You and Prof. Night were battling EVENING PRIMROSE, then FAKEFACE...hey, and then you teamed with SUPREME against the WALRUS and the CARPENTER!

TWILIGHT : Yeah, I remember May '65. Busy MONTH. Plus, Supreme and Uncle Taylor were serving in the ALLIES that month, too.

DOC ROCKET : Hi, everybody. What happened to the WINDOWS?

PANEL 3.

DOC, NOW OVER TO THE LEFT, LOOKS TOWARDS LEONARD, SOMEWHERE A LITTLE FURTHER TO OUR RIGHT, AS HE EXPLAINS THE SITUATION TO HER WITH A CYNICAL SNEER. MORE TO OUR RIGHT, SHAFT, TWILIGHT AND JOHNNY ARE STILL PEERING AT THE DISPLAY ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN. SHAFT LOOKS PUZZLED AND SHRUGS AS HE SITS IN FRONT OF THE SCREEN. TWILIGHT, SUDDENLY LOOKING ALERT. POINTS TO SOMETHING ON THE SCREEN.

LEONARD : We got raided by a bunch of EXTRAS from "CABARET"...

SHAFT : They were JACK-A-DANDY'S people...but why were they checking this

file? None of the events here relate to HIM in any way.

TWILIGHT : Seems NOT, although...

TWILIGHT : Wait a minute. Let me see that ALLIES entry again...

PANEL 4.

NOW IT IS AS IF WE WERE LOOKING OUT THROUGH THE COMPUTER SCREEN, OR AS IF IT WERE JUST BEHIND US. IN THE BACKGROUND, DOC ROCKET AND JOHNNY PANIC ARE OVER TO OUR LEFT HERE, WITH SHAFT SEATED IN THE CENTRE, HIS FACE LIT BY THE OFF PANEL SCREEN. TWILIGHT, STANDING NOW TOWARDS OUR RIGHT, LOOKS EXCITED BY HER SUDDEN HUNCH PROVING TO BE FOUNDED.

DOC ROCKET : The ALLIES? You mean my GRANDPARENTS' bunch?

JOHNNY : Nah. This is the team from the 'SIXTIES.

SHAFT : It says here that the ALLIES case in MAY was "The Mystery of the Missing MILLIONS", involving the ALLIES OF EVIL...

TWILIGHT : I KNEW it! Jack-a-Dandy was a MEMBER of the ALLIES OF EVIL!

PAGE 8.

PANEL 1.

A TWO PANEL PAGE, WITH THIS FIRST PANEL THE BIGGEST. THIS FIRST PANEL IS A FLASHBACK PANEL SHOWING A 'SIXTIES CONFRONTATION BETWEEN THE 'SIXTIES INCARNATION OF ***THE ALLIES*** AND A TEAM OF MASTER VILLAINS KNOWN AS ***THE ALLIES OF EVIL***. THE TWO TEAMS ARE ARRANGED IN TWO ROWS, WITH THE ALLIES DOWN THE LEFT HAND SIDE IN A ROW STRETCHING AWAY FROM US, AND THE ALLIES OF EVIL ARE FACING THEM FROM THE RIGHT HAND SIDE, WITH EACH HERO FACING HIS OR HER PERSONAL ARCH VILLAIN. THE VIEW IS

PAGE 8.
PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

ANGLED SO THAT THE HEROES AND VILLAINS FURTHEST AWAY FROM US AT THE FAR END OF THE TWO RANKS ARE ALSO CLOSEST TO THE TOP OF THE PANEL. THUS, FROM TOP TO BOTTOM OF THE PANEL, OR FROM FOREGROUND TO BACKGROUND, THE HERO/VILLAIN PAIRS THAT FACE EACH OTHER MENACINGLY ACROSS THE PANEL ARE AS FOLLOWS. AT THE REAR WE HAVE A SIXTIES INCARNATION OF ***ROY ROMAN***, UNDERSEA HERO, OVER ON THE LEFT, WHILE FAING HIM FROM THE RIGHT WE HAVE HIS ENEMY ***THE KILLER CRAB***, A TECHNO VILLAIN TYPE IN GOGGLES AND AN ORANGE BOILER SUIT WHO RIDES INSIDE A LARGE AND DANGEROUS LOOKING ROBOT CRAB, WITH THE MAN INSIDE VISIBLE THROUGH A GLASS BUBBLE OR PLATE SOMEWHERE IN THE ROBO-CRAB'S SURFACE. NEXT WE HAVE ***THE FISHERMAN*** WITH HIS ROD AND LINE OVER TO THE LEFT, WHILE FACING HIM WE HAVE A VILLAIN A BIT LIKE MARVEL'S OLD VILLAIN ***THE UNICORN***, EXCEPT THAT THIS ONE IS CALLED ***THE MARLIN***. THE MARLIN HAS A HEADPIECE THAT CONNECTS TO HIS UPPER COSTUME, AND WHICH HAS A SWORDFISH-LIKE SPIKE PROTRUDING FROM THE BROW. THIS CRACKLES WITH ELECTRICAL ENERGY AND CAN OBVIOUSLY SHOOT BOLTS OF POWER. THE OVERALL EFFECT OF THE MARLIN'S COSTUME IS VERY SLEEK, BLUEISH AND FISH-LIKE. NEXT WE HAVE A SIXTIES MIDDLE-PERIOD VERSION OF ***GLORY***, WHILE FACING HER WE HAVE A MAN IN AN EVENING SUIT AND BOW TIE WITH A RED LINES EVENING CAPE. THIS VILLAIN IS ***DOCTOR CLOCK***, AND HIS HEAD LOOKS LIKE A LARGE CLOCK FACE, AS HE IS WEARING A BIG FAKE CLOCK AS A KIND OF HELMET. NEXT WE HAVE ***THE SPACEHUNTER*** OVER ON THE LEFT, WHILE FACING HIM WE HAVE A DEADLY FEMALE ALIEN ASSASSIN CALLED ***ARCTURA***, WHO I SEE AS PROBABLY HAVING GREEN SKIN, A SLENDER AND STYLIZED BODY AND SOME SRT OF STREAMLINED ASSASSIN'S SPACE-SUIT WITH HIGH TECH WEAPONS AND RAYGUNS AND STUFF, BUT ALL WITH A VAGUELY CLUNKY SIXTIES LOOK TO THE DESIGN. SHE SNEERS COLDLY AT THE EXPRESSIONLESS SPACEHUNTER OPPOSITE HER. NEXT ON OUR LEFT WE HAVE ***THE DIEHARD***, IN ONE OF HIS HOODED SIXTIES VARIATION COSTUMES, WHILE FACING HIM WE HAVE A BIG AND CLUMSY-LOOKING SOVIET CYBORG CALLED ***THE HUMANDROID***, BUILT A BIT LIKE THE ORIGINAL TITANIUM MAN OR CRIMSON DYNAMO..ONE OF

THOSE BIG CHUNKY ROBOT SUITS THEY USED TO HAVE. NEXT ON THE LEFT WE HAVE ***SUPREME***, WHILE FACING HIM, DRESSED IN A GREY PRISON UNIFORM AND CARRYING AN UNLIKELY LOOKING RAY CANNON IN HIS ARMS, WE HAVE SUPREME'S ARCH ENEMY ***DARIUS DAX***.
CLOSEST TO US AND THUS NEAREST TO THE BOTTOM OF THE PANEL, ON THE LEFT WE HAVE A GRIM LOOKING ***PROFESSOR NIGHT***, WHILE FACING HIM ON THE RIGHT WE HAVE THE CACKLING FIGURE OF A YOUNGER-LOOKING ***JACK-A-DANDY***, AS SEEN IN SUPREME 47. THE TWO TEAMS FACE EACH OTHER IN A CLASSIC SORT OF OLD JUSTICE LEAGUE

PAGE 8.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

COVER TYPE OF STANDOFF...OR MAYBE THEY'RE RUSHING TOWARDS EACH OTHER AT SPEED, SO THAT WE GET THE IMPRESSION THAT THEY'RE GOING TO COLLIDE VIOLENTLY ABOUT TWO SECTIONS AFTER THIS IMAGE WAS SNAPPED.

CAPTION : "They were a syndicate of MASTER VILLAINS, each an arch enemy of an ALLIES MEMBER.

CAPTION : "There was JACK-A-DANDY as PROFESSOR NIGHT'S opposite number. There was Supreme's nemesis DARIUS DAX and GLORY'S enemy DOCTOR CLOCK.

CAPTION : "DIEHARD faced the HUMANDROID; Roy ROMAN tackled KILLER CRAB; SPACEHUNTER fought the Galactic murderess ARCTURA, and the FISHERMAN was up against the MARLIN.

CAPTION : "As I recall, Dr. Clock's TIME-TRADER transferred money from BANK

VAULTS to locations in the PAST from which Clock's fellow villains could RETRIEVE it."

PANEL 2.

NOW WE COME OUT OF FLASHBACK AND ARE BACK IN THE COMPUTER ROOM WITH THE TEAM. TWILIGHT FACES US HEAD AND SHOULDERS IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND, LOOKING A LITTLE REFLECTIVE AND FAR AWAY AS SHE FINISHES HER MONOLOGUE. SHAFT AND THE REST OF HER TEAM-MATES STAND OVER MORE TOWARDS THE BACKGROUND AND MORE TOWARDS THE RIGHT, LOOKING ON SILENTLY AT TWILIGHT. SHAFT, THE ONLY ONE OF THEM TO SPEAK, IS THE MOST PROMINENT OF THE OTHERS HERE, AND PROBABLY CLOSEST TO US AND TWILIGHT.

TWILIGHT : They stole MILLIONS before they were captured, and the money was never RECOVERED.

TWILIGHT : It was apparently stashed at one of the villain's HIDEOUTS, but nobody knew which ONE.

SHAFT : Maybe DANDY didn't know EITHER.

SHAFT : Maybe this Youngblood DEATH-WAGER is to distract us from what he REALLY wants: the whereabouts of that CASH.

PAGE 9.

PANEL 1.

FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, OVER TO THE RIGHT OF THE FOREGROUND WE HAVE DOC ROCKET AS SHE STANDS OR LOUNGES IN SOME SUITABLY CASUAL AND GORGEOUS POSE, LOOKING AWAY FROM US TO THE LEFT BACKGROUND WHERE WE SEE TWILIGHT AS SHE STARTS TO WALK AWAY FROM THE COMPUTER SCREEN WHERE SHAFT IS SITTING. TWILIGHT LOOKS THOUGHTFUL. JOHNNY AND LEONARD ARE AS VISIBLE HERE AS YOU WANT THEM TO BE.

TWILIGHT : Hmm. Actually, that makes SENSE.

TWILIGHT : ARCTURA'S currently serving an eight-thousand year SENTENCE on an Andromedan PENAL PLANET. KING CRAB and the MARLIN are both dead. The HUMANDROID was DISMANTLED...

DOC ROCKET : Didn't DARIUS DAX die RECENTLY?

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLE. IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, WE SEE THAT SHAFT HAS RISEN FROM HIS SEAT AND IS GAZING TOWARDS THE LEFT BACKGROUND. IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND WE SEE TWILIGHT MAYBE PICK UP A SET OF MOTORCYCLE KEYS FROM A TABLE NEAR THE DOOR AS SHE STARTS TO HEAD OUT OF THE DOOR INTO THE CORRIDOR VISIBLE BEYOND, LOOKING BACK OVER HER SHOULDER TOWARDS SHAFT AS SHE DOES SO. AS WITH LAST PANEL, WE CAN MAYBE SEE THE OTHER TEAM MEMBERS HANGING AROUND IN THE BACKGROUND LOOKING ON.

TWILIGHT : Yup. Last year, during the battle in Supreme's CITADEL...which means JACK-A-DANDY is the ONLY Ally-of-Evil currently ALIVE and on this PANET.

TWILIGHT : Shaft, maybe somebody should check the NIGHT FILES for the locations of those VILLAIN HIDEOUTS...Oh, and page SUPREMA. She could help with this.

SHAFT : What about you?

PANEL 3.

NOW WE ARE ARE OUTSIDE THE CHAMBER, IN THE CORRIDOR, WITH THE DOOR TO THE CHAMBER OVER IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND HERE. TWILIGHT WALKS TOWARDS US INTO THE FOREGROUND, MAYBE SPINNING THE RING OF KEYS OF HER FINGER. PERHAPS SHE IS COMING DOWN A SHORT FLIGHT OF STEPS IN THE CORRIDOR TO A SLIGHTLY LOWER LEVEL. ON A WALL IN THE NEAR GITH BACKGROUND WE SEE A SIGN WITH AN ARROW THAT READS ***"TO VEHICLE HANGARS"***, WITH THE ARROW POINTING OFF PANEL RIGHT IN THE DIRECTIIN THAT TWILIGHT IS HEADED. SHAFT, EMERGING OUT OF THE OPEN CHAMBER DOOR BEHIND HER IN THE NEAR LEFT BACKGROUND, LOOKS ALONG THE CORRIDOR TOWARDS US AND TWILIGHT AS SHE WALKS AWAY FROM HIM. HE HAS A VAGUELY PUZZLED FROWN. TWILIGHT LOOKS VERY PURPOSEFUL AND SERIOUS ABOUT WHAT SHE'S SAYING.

PAGE 9.

PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)

TWILIGHT : I'm heading back to STAR CITY. There's things there I need to check out, and there's somebody I need to VISIT.

TWILIGHT : See, in his PRIME, Jack-A-Dandy wasn't just ANYBODY. He was Professor Night's deadliest ENEMY.

SHAFT : A fop with a CANE? Linda, he's an OLD guy now...

PANEL 4.

CHANGE ANGLE. SHAFT STANDS IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND, FACING AWAY FROM US INTO THE BACKGROUND. IN THE BACKGROUND, WE ARE LOOKING INTO A LARGE VEHICLE HANGAR. SITTING ASTRIDE HER BLACK NIGHT-BIKE OR WHATEVER IT WAS WE SAW IN ISSUE ONE, TWILIGHT ROARS AWAY FROM US IN A CLOUD OF EXHAUST, NOT LOOKING BACK AT SHAFT AS SHE ADDRESSES HER PARTING COMMENTS TO HIM.

TWILIGHT : Professor Night's deadliest enemy, Shaft.

TWILIGHT : You think about that.

TWILIGHT : I'll see you LATER.

PAGE 10.

PANEL 1.

A FIVE PANEL PAGE NOW, DIVIDED INTO THREE TIERS WITH ONE PANEL ON THE TOP TOER AND THEN TWO PANELS ON EACH TIER BELOW THAT. IN THIS FIRST WIDE PANEL WE HAVE AN EXTERIOR ESTABLISHING SHOT OF ***MISKATONIC HOME FOR THE HOMICIDALLY DISTRESSED***, AS SEEN IN THE PAGES OF ***SUPREME***. THE DARK AND GOTHIC MENTAL HOME LOOMS LARGE IN THE BACKGROUND BENEATH A DARK NIGHT SKY. LOCKED UP OUTSIDE THE ASYLUM GATE WE SEE TWILIGHT'S DISTINCTIVE MOTORCYCLE. THERE ARE ONLY A FEW WAN LITTLE LIGHTS SHINING IN THE WINDOWS OF THE DARK ASYLUM ITSELF. FROM THE LOOK OF THE LOCKED UP BIKE OUTSIDE, TWIIGHT IS CLEARLY VISITING.

No Dialogue

PANEL 2.

CUT TO THE ASYLUM INTERIOR. WE ARE IN SOME SORT OF INTERVIEW ROOM WITHIN THE ASYLUM, LOOKING ACROSS AN INTERVIEW TABLE TOWARDS THE BACKGROUND, WHERE WE SEE TWILIGHT AS SHE PULLS BACK THE SOLE CHAIR THAT WE CAN SEE IN ORDER TO SIT DOWN AT IT, DIRECTLY ACROSS THE TABLE AND FACING US. HER EXPRESSION IS CONTROLLED AND IMPASSIVE. IN THE FOREGROUND, ON OUR SIDE OF THE TABLE, ALL WE CAN SEE OF THE JACK A DANDY ARE HIS FOREARMS AND HANDS ENTERING THE FOREGROUND ON THE RIGHT AS HE SITS DIRECTLY OPPOSITE TWILIGHT ACROSS THE TABLE, MOSTLY OFF PANEL WITH JUST HIS THREADBARE AND STAINED CUFFS AND JACKET SLEEVE'S VISIBLE HERE, ALONG WITH HIS SPIDERY, LIVER-SPOTTED HANDS, WHICH ARE MAYBE OPENING THE ROUND

PAGE 10.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

SNUFF BOX THAT RESTS ON THE TABLE TOP IN FRONT OF HIM. BEYOND TWILIGHT IN THE BACKGROUND WE SEE ONE OF THE UNIFORMED ASYLUM GUARDS STANDING LOOKING ON IMPASSIVELY, JUST HERE TO MAKE SURE THAT NOTHING FUNNY GOES ON, STANDING WITH HIS HANDS LINKED BEHIND HIS BACK, QUIETLY IN ONE CORNER. THE ROUND TIN OF SNUFF ON THE TABLE IN FRONT OF JACK IS ABOUT THREE QURTERS OF AN INCH DEEP AND ABOUT AN INCH AND A HALF ACROSS, WITH OLD FASHIONED CHRIS WARE-TYPE LETERING ON THE SCREW-ON-LID THAT MAYBE JUST READS "FINEST SNUFF", ASSUMING WE CAN EVEN READ IT.

JACK A DANDY (OFF) : I say. Smashing to see you, old girl.

JACK A DANDY (OFF) : You've certainly filled OUT since we last met, what?

JACK A DANDY (OFF) : Mind you, you can only have been ELEVEN...

PANEL 3.

SAME SHOT. TWILIGHT IS NOW SEATED COMFORTABLY IN THE CHAIR OPPOSITE US ACROSS THE TABLE. THE GUARD STILL STANDING UNOBTRUSIVELY IN THE SHADOWS OF THE BACKGROUND, LOOKING ON. TWILIGHT LOOKS CALMLY ACROSS THE TABLE AS SHE SPEAKS, PERHAPS ALLOWING JACK A SMALL AND FRIENDLY SMILE, AS IF THEY'RE OLD BUDDIES WHO GO BACK A LONG WAY AND BOTH KNOW THAT ALL THIS IS JUST KIDDING AROUND. IN THE RIGHT OF THE FOEREGROUND, JACK A DANDY USES ONE HAND TO MEASURE A PINCH OF SNUFF OUT ONTO THE HOLLOW ON THE BACK OF HIS OTHER HAND AT THE BASE OF THE THUMB.

TWILIGHT : That's right, Jack. Back when you had your own hair and TEETH.

TWILIGHT : Jack, you've been a naughty BOY again. You assembled a team of JACKETTES and sent them to kill YOUNGBLOOD.

JACK A DANDY (OFF) : Heavens! DID I?

PANEL 4.

SAME SHOT. HERE, STILL KEEPING UP THE AFFABLE "WE'RE ALL JUST PALS HERE KIDDING AROUND" APPROACH, SHE LEANS FORWARD SLIGHTLY, ONE ELBOW ON THE TABLE TOP AND HER CHIN RESTING RELAXEDLY IN THE PALM OF HER HAND, LIKE A SCHOOLKID WHO IS ACTUALLY INTERESTED IN THEIR LESSON. SHE HAS A BROAD, AMUSED GRIN AS SHE SPEAKS. IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, WE PERHAPS SEE JACK A DANDY'S NOSE AND LOWER FACE DIP ITO VIEW AS HE HOOVERS UP THE BROWN SNUFF POWDER WITH HIS FLARED NOSTRILS.

PAGE 10.

PANEL 4. (FROM OVER)

TWILIGHT : Mm-HM. CANE cannons, TALCUM bombs...just like the OLD days.

TWILIGHT : Connected with a WAGER, I understand. You bet someone you could KILL us, right?

JACK-A-DANDY : We-e-el, you know how it IS, old thing...

JACK A DANDY : FNNURRKK...

PANEL 5.

CHANGE ANLE, SO THAT NOW WE ARE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TABLE, WITH TWILIGHT'S GLOVED HANDS AND ARMS REASTING ON THE TABLE IN FRONT OF US, ENTERING FROM THE LEFT FOREGROUND. DIRECTLY ACROSS THE TABLE FROM US SITS THE JACK-A-DANDY, OLD AND ROTTEN AND CRAZY AND EVIL. HE HAS FISHED A TATTERED LAVENDER COLOURED HANDKERCHIEF FROM HIS POCKET THAT IS STAINED BROWN IN SPLOTCHES BY PREVIOUS SNUFF-SNEEZES. DABBING AT HIS NOSE WITH ONE HAND, USING THE HANDKERCHIEF. JACK GAZES ACROSS THE TABLE AT US AND THE OFF PANEL TWILIGHT AND BARES THE FEW REMAINING YELLOW-BROWN TEETH THAT HE HAS IN HIS GUMS IN AN AWFUL COMRADELY SMILE. HIS YELLOWISH AND BLOOD SHOT EYES GAZE AT US, TWILINKLING WITH HIDDEN MISCHIEF. ONE OF THEM STARING THROUGH HIS POSSIBLY-CRACKED MONOCLE. HIS RIDICULOUS ORANGE HAIR IS CLEARLY A RATHER MOTH EATEN WIG, THE BATTERED TOP HAT RESTING ON TOP OF IT. AS HE SMIRKS ACROSS THE TABLE AT US, SEEMINGLY FIRENDLY, WE GET A REAL WHIFF OF THE ROTTEN EVIL THAT SURROUNDS THIS MAN LIKE A FOG, A SMELL THAT ISN'T QUITE MASKED BY THE LASHINGS OF POWDER AND PERFUME.

JACK A DANDY : A boy has to have his HOBBIES...

JACK A DANDY : ..FFNNRRFF...

JACK A DANDY : Don't you think?

PAGE 11.

PANEL 1.

A SIX PANEL PAGE NOW. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE HAVE THE SAME SHOT AS WE DID IN PANEL FIVE ON OUR LAST PAGE, WITH TWILIGHT'S ELBOW AND HANDS ENTERING THE PANEL IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND AS SHE FACES AWAY FROM US ACROSS THE TABLE TOWARDS JACK. ACROSS THE TABLE, JACK HAS HIS EYES LOWERED, LOOKING DOWN AS HE USES THE HANDKERCHIEF TO FIDDLE WITH HIS NOSE, STILL SMIRKING AS HE CASUALLY ANSWERS TWILIGHT'S EQUALLY CASUAL QUESTION WITHOUT LOOKING UP AT HER. HE SEEMS RATHER PLEASED WITH HIMSELF, DESPITE HIS PRETENCE AT APOLOGY.

TWILIGHT (OFF) : I see. It's just another whimsical Jack-A-Dandy HOMICIDE attempt, right?

JACK A DANDY : Ah, sweet child, you know me too WELL. My most secret PLANS are an open BOOK in your fair HANDS.

PAGE 11.

PANEL 2.

SAME SHOT, WITH TWILIGHT LEANING INTO THE LEFT FOREGROUND, STILL SEEMING RELAXED AND CASUAL. ACROSS THE TABLE, JACK A DANDY SUDDENLY STOPS DEAD IN HIS FIDDLING WITH HIS NOSE. HE LOWERS THE HANDKERCHIEF, AND HIS EYES SUDDENLY FLICKER UPWARDS TO STARES PENETRATINGLY AT TWILIGHT FROM BENEATH HIS LOWERED BROW. THE SMUG SMILE SLIPS FROM THE DANDY'S FACE AND HE SUDDENLY LOOKS VERY COLD, AS IF HE'S BEEN UNPLEASANTLY SURPRISED, ALL OF HIS SMUG MANNERISMS DASHED ASIDE BY TWILIGHT'S WORDS.

TWILIGHT : Uh-huh. So its nothing to do with the Allies of Evil or their missing LOOT, then?

PANEL 3.

SAME SHOT. VERY PRIMLY AND STIFFLY, JACK DRAWS HIMSELF UP TO HIS FULL HEIGHT IN HIS CHAIR. HIS EXPRESSION IS COLD AND CONTROLLED AND HIS EYES ARE FULL OF AN ICEY REPTILE HATRED AS HE STARES ACROSS THE TABLE TOWARDS US AND THE OFF PANEL TWILIGHT. HE TRIES TO AFFECT A COLD AND ALOOF ATTITUDE OF DIGNITY.

JACK A DANDY : I don't know what you're talking about.

PANEL 4.

CHANGE ANGLE. NOW WE SEE THE WHOLE TABLE FROM THE SIDE. ON THE LEFT, TWILIGHT SUDDENLY STARTS TO STAND UP FROM HER CHAIR. SHE LOOKS DOWN AT JACK WITH A LITTLE SMILE THAT IS A BIT SUPERIOR AND PATRONISING. TWILIGHT HAS WON THIS ROUND AND SHE KNOWS IT. JACK, ON OUR RIGHT, SUDDENLY SEEMS TO LOSE HIS COMPOSURE SLIGHTLY, LOOKING RATTLED AND NERVOUS AS HE LOOKS UP AT TWILIGHT, RAISING HIS HAND AS IF ABOUT TO ASK HER NOT TO LEAVE. HE HAS A FAINTLY PLEADING LOOK.

TWILIGHT : You don't, huh?

TWILIGHT : Listen, there's probably some REMEDIAL KNITTING you should be getting on with...

JACK A DANDY : L-Look, I don't KNOW about any loot. I'm genuinely just trying to KILL you, you have my word as a GENTLEMAN!

PANEL 5.

CHANGE ANGLE. IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, WE CAN SEE JACK A DANDY FROM ABOUT THE BRIDGE OF HIS NOSE TO HIS WAIST OR THEREABOUTS AS HE SITS IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, LOOKING SLIGHTLY AWAY FROM US ACROSS THE PANEL. TWILIGHT IS STARTING TO WALK AWAY FROM THE TABLE AND JACK. SHE LOOKS BACK OVER HER SHOULDER AT HIM AND RAISES HER GLOVED HAND IN A FRIENDLY WAVE OF FAREWELL. SHE LAUGHS, DELIGHTFULLY, AT JACK'S PATHETIC ATTEMPTS TO COVER UP THE TRUTH. JACK, VISIBLE FROM THE NOSE DOWN WITH HIS EYES AND UPPER HEAD OFF PANEL

PAGE 11.

PANEL 5. (FROM OVER)

ABOVE, HAS A SOUR SCOWL ON HIS LIPS AS HE GAZES COLDLY AT HER ACROSS THE TABLE. IN THE FAR BACKGROUND, WE MAYBE SEE THE ATTENDANT ASYLUM GUARD AS HE WALKS ACROSS THE DOOR IN THE BACKGROUND, GETTING READY TO OPEN IT FOR TWILIGHT.

TWILIGHT : HA HA HA! Thanks. I think you've just answered all my questions. You

take CARE now, Jack.

TWILIGHT : Me, I've got a TREASURE HUNT to organise.

PANEL 6.

SAME SHOT AS LAST PANEL. IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND, TWILIGHT IS WALKING AWAY FROM US, ABOUT TO STEP THROUGH THE DOOR IN THE BACKGROUND THAT THE GUARD IS NOW HOLDING OPEN FOR HER. SHE DOES NOT LOOK BACK AT US OR JACK AS SHE WALKS AWAY. IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, JACK'S LOWER FACES STILL HAS THE SAME POSIONOUS SCOWL ON ITS LIPS AS HE WATCHES HER WALK AWAY. HIS LIPS PART ONLY SLIGHTLY AS HE SPITS OUT ONE SOLITARY, BITTER WORD.

JACK A DANDY : Curses.

PAGE 12.

PANEL 1.

A TWO PANEL PAGE NOW, WITH THIS FIRST PANEL THE BIGGEST. TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE TURN-OVER, WE ABRUPTLY CHANGE SCENE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN. IN THE FOREGROUND, WE ARE LOOKING OUT THROUGH THE BLASTED OPEN AND RUSTED REMAINS OF SOME SORT OF HIGH TECH UNDERSEA BASE FROM THE 1960S OR 1970S THAT HAS LONG SINCE BEEN CLAIMED BY THE OCEAN AND FALLEN INTO RUST AND DISREPAIR. THE REMAINS OF OLD MACHINES OF DESTRUCTION, COMPUTERS AND RAY CANNONS, LOOM RUSTED AND ALMOST UNRECOGNIZABLE IN THE FOREGROUND, CRUSTED WITH BARNACLES AND WITH PUBIC CLUMPS OF WEED TRAILING LIMLY IN THE UNDERSEA CURRENTS. SWIMMING TOWARDS US AS WE LOOK OUT THROUGH THIS DARK AND RUINED ARTIFICIAL CAVE MOUTH, WE SEE SHAFT AND SUPREMA. SHAFT IS WEARING A SORT OF ADAPTED WET0SUIT VERSION OF HIS CURRENT COSTUME. HE HAS SOME SORT OF SPECIAL OXYGEN ARROW WITH A MINIATURE RESPIRATOR UNIT ABOUT HALFWAY ALONG IT CLENCHED BETWEEN HIS TEETH. BUBBLES LEAK FROM THE CORNERS OF HIS MOUTH, MAKING IT CLEAR THAT THE ARROW IS FUNCTIONING AS SOME SORT OF BREATHING APPARATUS AS HE SWIMS TOWARDS US. HE HAS GOGGLES, AND A MOVIE CAMERA IN A RUBBER CASING ATTACHED TO HIS HELMET OR SHOULDER. HE MAYBE ALSO HAS SOME SORT OF POWERFUL UNDERSEA LAMP SIMILARLY ATTACHED TO HIS COSTUME SOMEWHERE TO LIGHT HIS PATH THROUGH THE UNDERSEA MURK IN FRONT OF HIM. SUPREMA, ALSO SWIMMING THROUGH THE WATER

PAGE 12.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

TOWARDS US AND THE BLASTED-OPEN UNDERSEA LAIR, NEEDS NO SUCH COSTUME OR LIGHTING. HER FACE IS CALM, HER MOUTH CLOSED, AND FROM THE LACK OF BUBBLES WE CAN TELL THAT SHE JUST SIMLY ISN'T BOTHERING TO BREATHE. HER EYES ARE BOTH ALIGHT WITH THEIR OWN INNER FIRE OF PLASMA ENERGY, AND MAYBE TWO THIN BEAMS LANCE OUT THROUGH THE DARK WATER AHEAD OF HER FROM HER EYES, LIKE LASER SEARCHLIGHTS. IN THE BACKGROUND BEYOND THE PAIR AS THEY SWIM TOWARDS US, ALSO WITH LIGHTS FITTED TO HIS HUGE BODY, WE SEE BIG BROTHER...EITHER THE MIDDLE SIZED OR THE BIGGEST VERSION OF THE ROBOT. OR MAYBE THIS COULD BE A SPECIAL UNDERWATER VERSION OF BIG BROTHER THAT WE'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE. HIS SEARCHLIGHT EYES STARES THROUGH THE GLOOM AT US AS HE STANDS THERE LIKE A GIANT METAL STATUE IN SOME DROWNED CITY. THIS SHOULD BE QUITE A BEAUTIFUL PANEL, SHOWING THE TEAM IN AN ENVIRONMENT THAT WE DON'T USUALLY SEE THEM IN. SUPREMA'S HAIR AND CUSTUME EITHER CLING TO HER BODY OR DRIFT OUT FROM IT IN UNUSUAL WAYS AS SHE SWIMS SLOWLY AND POWERFULLY TOWARDS US. IT PROBABLY LOOKS PRETTY SEXY, LIKE A WET T-SHIRT CONTEST, BUT THE COLD AND SERIOUS LOOK ON SUPREMA'S FACE DISPELS ANY NOTIONS OF PLAYFULNESS.

No Dialogue

PANEL 2.

NOW WE CUT TO THE INTERIOR OF BIG BROTHER, IN TE MAIN CONTROL CABIN. THERE ARE WALL-MOUNTED SCREENS IN THE BACKGROUND THAT SHOW US THE VIEW FROM SHAFT'S HELMET-OR-SHOULDE CAMERA. THIS ON SCREEN VIEW SHOWS US SUPREMA, SWIMMING AHEAD OF US INTO THE BLASTED OPEN HULK OF THE RUINED AND FLOODED UNDERSEA BASE. WE MAYBE SEE SHAFT'S HANDS STRETCHING INTO THE PICTURE ON THE SCREEN FROM THE FOREGROUND AS HE SWIMS AWAY FROM US. IN THE FOREGROUND ON OUR SIDE OF THE SCREEN, IN THE CONTROL ROOM, WE CAN SEE TWILIGHT AND THE CHAIR-BOUND LEONARD AS THEY MONITOR THE SCREEN. MAYBE WE SEE JOHNNY AND DOC ROCKET STANDING LOOKING ON FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE BACKGROUND. TWILIGHT IS TOWARDS THE LEFT, STANDING AND LEANING FORWARD TO TALK INTO A MICROHONE AS SHE SPEAKS. LEONARD IS MORE TOWARDS OUR RIGHT OF THE FOREGROUND, A CYNICAL SNEER ON HIS FACE AS HE SPEAKS TOWARDS THE SCREEN.

PAGE 12.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

TWILIGHT : SHAFT? This is LINDA. Can you and SUPREMA see anything in the Killer Crab's CAVE?

SHAFT (FROM SCREEN, CRACKLE) : Nah. It's mostly blasted away, and there's lots of damage still evident from the Crab's final battle with ROMAN.

LEONARD : Hey, what about Miss WHITE FLIGHT there? Can't she look for that loot with her X-RAY vision?

PAGE 13.

PANEL 1.

A FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE ARE BACK OUTSIDE BIG BROTHER, INSIDE THE RUINED, BLASTED OPEN LAIR OF THE KILLER CRAB, WHO I DON'T THINK WE'VE EVER SEEN A SHOT OF ANYWHERE, BUT AS I SEE HIM HE WAS A SIXTIES VILLAIN IN SOME SORT OF COOL UNDERSEA OUTFIT WHO RODE AROUND INSIDE A GIANT MECHANICAL CRAB. ANYWAY, SUPREMA STANDS TOWARDS THE LEFT FOREGROUND HERE. SHE IS JUST STANDING THERE ON THE OCEAN BED, SILT RISING UP IN PLUMES AROUND HER SHAPELY LOWER LEGS. HER HAIR AND CLOTHING DRIFTS AND STICKS TO HER, AS IN PANEL ONE ON PAGE TWELVE, AND HER FACE IS STILL SERIOUS AND EXPRESSIONLESS. HER EYES ARE FIRING TWO THIN, TWIN BEAMS OF LASER LIGHT OUT THROUGH THE UNDER WATER GLOOM AS SHE SCANS THE RUINED BASE WITH HER SUPER-VISION. LOOKING BEYOND HER TO THE NEAR RIGHT BACKGROUND WE SEE SHAFT AS HE SWIMS/FLOATS IN A MORE CONVENTIONAL POSITION. HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S ACTUALLY AWARE THAT HE'S HUNDREDS OF FEET UNDERWATER, WHEREAS SUPREMA DOESN'T. I SHOULD HAVE MENTIONED BEFORE THAT BOTH SHAFT AND SUPREMA ARE WEARING VISIBLE LITTLE THROAT MICROPHONES ATTACHED TO THEIR THROATS LIKE HIGH TECH NICOTINE PATCHES. THEIR CRACKLE-EDGED BALLOOONS ARE NOT ATTACHED TO THEM BY TAILS HERE, BUT SIMPLY FLOAT IN SPACE NEAR TO THEM. NEITHER DO THEY MOVE THEIR LIPS OR OPEN THEIR MOUTHS AS THEY SPEAK. THE VIBRATIONS IN THEIR THROATS ARE ENOUGH.

SUPREMA (TAILLESS CRACKLE) : An unimaginably vast nuclear EXPLOSION, or possibly a collision with ANTI-MATTER may break my bones, Leonard, but NAMES shall never HURT me!

SUPREMA (TAILLESS CRACKLE) : As for your QUESTION, I don't HAVE X-Ray vision. Still, my SIGHT SUPREME reveals NOTHING.

SHAFT (TAILLESS CRACKLE) : Same HERE. Come on, Suprema. Let's get back on board BIG BROTHER.

PAGE 13.

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLE. NOW THE HUGE SUBMARINE BULK OF BIG BROTHER LOOMS IN THE BACKGROUND, STANDING MOTIONLESS ON THE OCEAN BED FACING US. MAYBE WE CAN SEE A COUPLE OF JUTTED AND RUSTED SPARS FROM THE DESTROYED UNDERSEA BASE JUTTING INTO THE FOREGROUND FROM THE SIDES. SWIMMING AWAY FROM US AND TOWARDS BIG BROTHER WE SEE SHAFT AND SUPREMA. AN AIRLOCK DOOR IS OPENING IN BIG BROTHER'S CHEST, RELEASING A SILVERY CLOUD OF BUBBLES. TWILIGHT'S TAILLESS BALLOONS, CRACKLE EDGED, HANG IN SPACE NEAR THE BIG BROTHER ROBOT, SOMEWHERE OVER TOWARDS OUR LEFT. SHAFT'S BALLOONS, ALSO TAILLESS AND CRACKLE EDGED, HANG NEAR SHAFT AS HE SWIMS TOWARDS BIG BROTHER, SOMEWHERE OVER ON OUR RIGHT.

TWILIGHT (TAILLESS, CRACKLE, NEAR BROTHER) : Hmm. I guess you both might as well. The reception on your THROAT-MIKES is LOUSY through water, anyway.

TWILIGHT (TAILLESS, CRACKLE, NEAR BROTHER) : Actually, I didn't expect the loot to be at Killer Crab's base. It's just his hideout was easiest to FIND.

SHAFT (TAILLESS, CRACKLE, NEAR SHAFT) : Yeah. Hey, Linda, how are we going to find ARCTURA'S hideout?

PANEL 3.

NOW WE ARE ACTUALLY IN THE AIRLOCK, WITH A SIDE ON CUTAWAY VIEW. THERE IS A CUTAWAY VIEW OF THE AIRLOCK'S SEALED BULKHEAD DOOR DOWN THE CENTRE OF THE PANEL. TO OUR LEFT OF THIS, SUPREMA AND SHAFT STANDS IN A CHAMBER THAT IS DRAINING OF WATER, THE WATER LEVEL HAVING DESCENDED TO THEIR UPPER CHESTS HERE. SUPREMA HAS HER HANDS UP AND OUT OF THE WATER, WRINGING OUT HER WHITE HAIR HERE. SHE HAS A BUSINESS-LIKE EXPRESSION ON HER FACE AS SHE DOES THIS, TALKING MATTER-OF-FACTLY. SHAFT, SLIGHTLY MORE TO OUR RIGHT HERE, IS TAKING THE BREATHING ARROW OUT OF HIS MOUTH WITH A GRIMACE OF DISGUST. ON THE RIGHT OF THE AIRLOCK BULKHEAD, IN THE DRY CONTROL CHAMBER BEYOND, WE SEE TWILIGHT WITH HER BACK TO THE AIRLOCK DOOR, POURING OVER A SERIES OF MAPS OR CHARTS SHE HAS SPREAD IN FRONT OF HER. MAYBE LEONARD OR DOC OR JOHNNY ARE VISIBLE LOOKING ON FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE CONTROL CABIN'S BACKGROUND.

PAGE 13.

PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)

SUPREMA : I'LL handle that. There are only a hundred billion or so STARS in the MILKY WAY. She must have hidden near ONE of them!

SHAFT : >PFUHH< That's BETTER. I can talk NORMALLY again.

SHAFT : Linda, whose lair is NEXT?

TWILIGHT : Well, like she says, SUPREMA can find ARCTURA'S base. As for the REST of us...

PANEL 4.

NOW WE ARE IN THE CONTROL CHAMBER. THE BULWARK DOOR LEADING TO THE AIRLOCK CHAMBER IS IN THE NEAR LEFT BACKGROUND, OPENING HERE IN A PUFF OF COMPRESSED AIR TO REVEAL THE NOW ALMOST-TOTALLY DRAINED AIRLOCK CHAMBER BEYOND, WITHIN WHICH SHAFT AND SUPREMA STAND UP TO THEIR ANKLES IN THE LAST FEW DREGS OF UNDRAINED SEA WATER, GAZING TOWARDS US AND TWILIGHT, WHO LEANS ACROSS A TABLE OR WORK SURFACE TOWARDS US IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, STUDYING HER MAPS AND CHARTS INTENTLY, HER PALLID FACE MAYBE UNDERLIT BY SOME SORT OF LOW LIGHT SET ON THE TABLE THA SHE HAS THE CHARTS SPREAD OUT ON. HER EXPRESSION IS GRIM AND SERIOUS AND SHAFT AND SUPREMA AND ANYONE ELSE YOU CAN FIT IN LOOK ON AT HER FROM VARIOUS POINTS IN THE BACKGROUND OR TO THE SIDES.

TWILIGHT : ... maybe OMEGAPOLIS.

TWILIGHT : Maybe DARIUS DAX.

PAGE 14.

PANEL 1.

NOW WE HAVE A SIX PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE CUT ABRUPTLY TO OMEGAPOLIS, BY DAY, WITH THIS FIRST PANEL AS AN ESTABLISHING SHOT SHOWING SIMPLY THE SPECTACULAR SKYLINE OF OMEGAPOLIS WITH THE MORNING SUN ABOVE THE GIGANTIC, STATUE-ADORNED BUILDINGS. TWILIGHT'S BALLOON ISSUES UP INTO VIEW FROM BETWEEN THE TALL BUILDINGS.

TWILIGHT (OFF, FROM BUILDINGS) : Ethan.

TWILIGHT (OFF, FROM BUILDINGS) : It's good to see you again.

PANEL 2.

NOW WE MOVE DOWN INTO THE STREETS OF OMEGAPOLIS. WE ARE IN FRONT OF THE DAZZLE COMICS BUILDING, THE FRONT OF WHICH WE CAN SEE IN THE BACKGROUND, WITH THE DAZZLE LOGO ABOVE THE DOOR. SAUNTERING CASUALLY OUT OF THE BUILDING AND COMING NTOWARDS THE FOREGROUND IS ETHAN (SUPREME) CRANE, IN HIS CIVILLIAN ATTIRE. HE SMILES AT TWILIGHT AS HE APPROACHES HER. SHE IS STANDING TOWARDS THE FOREGROUND, LOOKING BACK AT ETHAN. DOC ROCKET AND JOHNNY PANIC STAND TO ONE SIDE, LOOKING ON AT THIS BIG GEEKY LOOKING GUY THAT TWILIGHT SEEMS TO KNOW. THEY FROWN SLIGHTLY, UNCERTAIN WHAT THEY

ARE DOING HERE OR WHO THIS GUY IS THAT TWILIGHT SEEMS SO KEEN TO TALK TO.

ETHAN : You too, Twilight. I, uh, heard from SUPREME that you wanted to see me. Sorry I'm on my lunch-hour and everything.

ETHAN : How can I help you?

TWILIGHT : Well, you're very...KNOWLEDGEABLE...about Supreme, Ethan...

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLE. ETHAN AND TWILIGHT ARE STROLLING CASUALLY TOWARDS US DOWN THE MAIN STREET IN THE FOREGROUND, WITH DOC ROCKET AND JOHNNY TRAILING ALONG BEHIND THEM IN THE BACKGROUND, STILL LOOKING A BIT UNCERTAIN AND SUSPICIOUS. IN THE FOREGROUND, TWILIGHT, ON OUR LEFT, LOOKS QUESTIONINGLY AT ETHAN. ETHAN FROWNS SLIGHTLY AND STROKED

PAGE 14.

PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)

HIS CHIN. HE LOOKS DOUBTFUL.

TWILIGHT : Our new YOUNGBLOOD is investigating ALLIES OF EVIL hideouts, looking for missing LOOT.

TWILIGHT : Could you tell us where DARIUS DAX had HID secret hideout?

ETHAN : Hmm. Probably NOT. Most of Dax's SECRETS died WITH him.

PANEL 4.

REVERSE ANGLE. ETHAN AND TWILIGHT ARE NOW WALKING AWAY FROM US DOWN THE OMEGAPOLIS STREET INTO THE BACKGROUND, WITH JOHNNY AND DOC ROCKET FOLLOWING THEM, WALKING AWAY FROM US MAYBE HALF FIGURE TO HEAD AND SHOULDERS IN THE FOREGROUND. THEY TURN THEIR HEADS TO WHISPER TO EACH OTHER, WITH DOTTED EDGE WHISPER BALLOONS.

ETHAN : His fabled Omegapolis HIDEOUT may NEVER be found...

DOC (WHISPER) : Hey, who IS this guy? He seems kind of NERDY.

JOHNNY (WHISPER) : He's some CARTOONIST, draws this OMNIMAN book. Seems he's old buddies with SUPREME...

PANEL 5.

NOW A FULL FIGURE SIDE ON SHOT. ETHAN AND TWILIGHT ARE STROLLING DOWN THE STREET, RIGHT TO LEFT, OVER ON OUR LEFT HERE. DOC AND JOHNNY FOLLOW BEHIND THEM, OVER ON OUR RIGHT HERE. IF YOU LIKE, MAYBE IT WOULD STRIKE AN IRONIC NOTE IF IN THE BACKGROUND HERE WE COULD SEE THE OMEGAPOLIS MUSEUM THAT IS IN FACT THE LOCATION OF DARIUS DAX'S BASE, AS SEEN IN SUPREME #58. NONE OF THE FIGURES IN THE FOREGROUND PAY IT ANY ATTENTION. ETHAN, FURTHEST TO OUR LEFT, SPREADS HIS HANDS IN AN EXPLANATORY GESTURE AS HE SPEAKS. TWILIGHT MAYBE TUGE THOUGHTFULLY ON HER LOWER LIP AND LOOKS GENERALLY PENSIVE.

ETHAN : Even so, I'm pretty certain DAX never had access to the missing LOOT.

ETHAN : He lived a low income life in LITTLEHAVEN for years, posing as

JUDY JORDAN. Why do THAT, if he had MONEY?

TWILIGHT : Hmm.

PANEL 6.

THE GROUP STOP WALKING, AND WE CLOSE IN UPON THEM. ETHAN'S HUGE FIGURE DOMINATED THE BACKGROUND AS HE STANDS LOOKING ON, MILDLY. MAYBE HE HAS HIS TONGUE THRSUT INNOCENTLY INTO THE SIDE OF HIS CHEEK AS HE LOOKS ON. IN THE FOREGROUND, WE SEE TWILIGHT ON THE LEFT EXPLAINING TO A FAINTLY PISSED-OFF DOC ROCKET AND JOHNNY, IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND. BEHID THEM ALL, FILLING THE BACKGROUND BUT UNNOTICED BY ANY OF THEM, WE SEE THE CONDEMNED BUILDING THAT HOUSES THE OMEGAPOLIS MUSEUM.

PAGE 14.

PANEL 6. (FROM OVER)

TWILIGHT : He's right, guys. We can probably eliminate Dax from our list WITHOUT finding his notorious "DUNGEON".

JOHNNY : Huh. So much for OMEGAPOLIS. I thought we'd meet CELEBRITIES and stuff.

DOC : Let's hope SUPREMA's found some EXCITEMENT

PAGE 15.

PANEL 1.

A TWO PANEL PAGE NOW, WITH THIS FIRST PANEL BY FAR THE BIGGEST. IN IT, WE CUT SUDDENLY TO AN ALIEN PLANETOID, FAR AWAY IN ANOTHER SOLAR SYSTEM. WE ARE INSIDE WHAT LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT OF HIGH TECH EXTRATERRESTRIAL ASSASSIN'S HEADQUARTERS, THIS BEING THE DESERTED BASE FORMERLY BELONGING TO THE ALIEN FEMALE CONTRACT KILLER ***ARCTURA***. PART OF ONE SIDE OF THE BASE CAN BE DEMOLISHED, SO THAT WE CAN SEE OUT TO THE ALIEN LANDSCAPE AND ALIEN SKIES BEYOND. IN THE FOREGROUND, WE CAN SEE THAT A COUPLE OF THE BASE'S DEFENCES MUST STILL HAVE BEEN IN OPERATION. A HUGE KILLER ROBOT OR TWO LIE IN PIECES ON THE METALLIC FLOOR OF THE CHAMBER, WHILE IN THE CENTRE OF THE PANEL WE SEE THE FINAL REMAINING DEFENSIVE ROBOT IN BATTLE WITH SUPREMA. ITS A PRETTY ONE SIDE BATTLE. EVEN THOUGH THE DEADLY LOOKING HIGH TECH KILLER ROBOT IS ABOUR TEN TIMES SUPREMA'S SIZE, AS WE SEE HER HERE SHE IS HOLDING THE ROBOT'S ENTIRE BODY UP ABOVE HER HEAD, WHERE IT KICKS HELPLESSLY. AT THE SAME TIME, SHE IS LOOKING UPWARDS AND DISCHARGING BOTH EYE-BEAMS IN A SEARING PLASMA PLAST THAT BLOWS STRAIGHT THROUGH THE ROBOT'S CHEST AND OUT OF HIS BACK IN A SHOWER OF SPARKS AND DISLODGED INNER PARTS. AS SHE DELIVERS THIS PLASMA DEATH-BLOW TO HER DEFEATED ROBOT FOE, SUPREMA BARES HER TEETH AND SNARLS. THE LIGHT FROM HER EYE BEAM BLAST PROBABLY

LIGHTS THE WHOLE OF THEIS ALIEN SETTING, MAKING IT LOOK EVEN STRANGER.
SUPREMA : GRRRAAAGH!

PANEL 2.
NOW THE ROBOT LIES DEAD AND INERT AMONGST ITS FALLEN FELLOWS IN THE BACKGROUND. FACING US IN THE FOREGROUND, LOOKING VERY SERIOUS AND BSUINESSLIKE AGAIN, SUPREME DUSTS HER HANDS OFF, ONE AGAINST THE OTHER, AND SURVEYS THE CHAMBER WITH A DISAPPROVING FROWN. SEEN CLOSE UP LIKE THIS, WE CAN MAYBE SEE THAT SUPREMA IS STILL WEARING THE THROAT MICROPHONE THAT WE SAW HER WEARING UNDERWATER. ALSO, SOMEWHERE ON HER PERSON, MAYBE MOUNTED ON HER SHOULDER OR SOMETHING, THERE SHOULD BE A MINIATURE HIGH TECH VIDEO CAMERA OF SOME SORT, LIKE THE ONE SHAFT WORE UNDERWATER.

<u>PAGE 15.</u>
PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)
SUPREMA : There.
SUPREMA : Shaft, I don't know if you can HEAR me over this distance, but I've located Arctura's SPACE-SANCTUM!
SUPREMA : There were some DEFENCES still active, but only for a MOMENT or two.
SUPREMA : Anyway, Spit-Spot and down to work! Let's see if I can find that MONEY!

<u>PAGE 16.</u>
PANEL 1.
A FOUR PANEL PAGE NOW. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE CUT ABRUPTLY BACK TO YOUNGBLOOD HEADQUARTERS ON EARTH, WHERE WE ARE IN SOME SORT OF COMMUNICATIONS ROOM WITH LOTS OF BIG SCREENS IN THE BACKGROUND, SOMEWHERE INSIDE YOUNGBLOOD MANOR. ON THE MAIN SCREEN IN THE BACKGROUND WE CAN SEE A VIEW OF ARCTURA'S ALIEN SPACE-BASE, WITH THE DESTROYED KILLER ROBOTS AND MAYBE JUST A GLIMPSE OF SUPREMA'S HAND OR ARM IN THE FOEREGROUND. MAYBE THERE IS ANOTHER SCREEN OVER TO ONE SIDE OF THE BACKGROUND AND LESS SIGNIFICANT HERE, UPON WHICH WE CAN SEE A GLIMPSE OF TWILIGHT, DOC ROCKET AND JOHNNY PANIC OVER IN OMEGAPOLIS. SITTING AT THE CONSOLE MONITORING THE SCREENS WE SEE SHAFT, WHO IS SPEAKING TO THE SCREEN HERE. ELSEWHERE IN THE CHAMBER WE SEE LEONARD IN HIS WHEELCHAIR, APPARENTLY CONCENTRATING ON RUNNING THROUGH SOME COMPUTER RECORDS, FROWNING WITH CONCENTRATION AND NOT PAYING ANY ATTENTION TO SHAFT HERE.
SHAFT : Suprema, this SHAFT. We can just about hear you.
SHAFT : TWILIGHT has drawn a blank in OMEGAPOLIS. How are things out near ALDEBARAN or wherever you are?

PANEL 2.

CUT BACK NOW TO SUPREMA, ON THE SPACE-BASE. SHE IS WALKING TOWARDS US FROM THE BACKGROUND THROUGH THE EERIE AND SILENT INTERIOR OF THE DESERTED ASSASSIN'S BASE. UP IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, IN SOME KIND OF CRYSTAL FREEZER-COFFINS, WE CAN SEE THREE OR FOUR DEAD HUMANOID BODIES. ALL OF THEM HAVE GOLDEN SKIN, AND ARE WEARING VERY MINOR VARIATIONS OF THE COSTUME WORN BY THE ALIEN HERO ***SPACEHUNTER.*** ONE OF THEM IA YOUNG, TOUGH LOOKING MAN WITH BLONDE HAIR. ONE IS AND OLD BUT BRAWNY LOOKING MAN WITH LONG WHITE HAIR AND A BEARD. ONE IS A BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN SKINNED WOMAN WITH BLACK HAIR. IF THERE'S ROOM, MAYBE WE CAN SEE A BOY OR GIRL SPACEHUNTER THAT LOOKS ABOUT TWELVE OR THIRTEEN YEARS OLD. ALL OF THEM ARE DEAD, AND ARE BEING KEPT AS GRISLY FROZEN TROPHIES IN THE LAIR OF THE ALIEN ASSASSIN. SUPREMA WALKS

PAGE 16.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

TOWARDS THESE FROM THE BACKGROUND WITH AN EXPRESSION OF DISTASTE AND LOOKS UPSET AS SHE SPEAKS INTO THROAT MICROPHONE.

SUPREMA : I'm near ALGOL, the star the ancient Persian's called the DEMON'S HEAD because of its resemblance to a malevolent and winking EYE.

SUPREMA : Arctura's hideout isn't very nice at ALL. She seems to have the bodies of dead SPACEHUNTERS as TROPHIES.

SUPREMA : My senses supreme can't detect the MONEY anywhere...

PANEL 3.

CUT BACK TO YOUNGBLOOD HEADQURTERS. NOW OUR POINT OF VIEW IS ALMOST AS IF WE WERE LOOKING OUT OF THE SCREEN THAT SHAFT SITS LOOKING INTO. WE SEE PART OF HIS INSTRUMENT CONSOLE IN THE BOTTOM FOREGROUND,. WITH SHAFT SITTING BEYOND THIS AND LEANING ACROSS THE CONSOLE LOOKING TOWARDS US AS HE SPEAKS, HIS FACE UNDERLIT BY THE GLOW OF THE OFF PANEL SCREEN. LOOKING OVER TOWARDS THE RIGHT BACKGROUND WE CAN SEE LEONARD SITTING AT HIS COMPUTER SCREEN. HE TURNS AND LOOKS BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER AT SHAFT AS HE SPEAKS TO HIM.

SHAFT : Then maybe you should head for HOME. There's still four hideouts to be tracked down here on EARTH.

SHAFT : I'll put in a courtesy call to the ALLIES, so SPACEHUNTER'S race can recover those BODIES you mentioned.

LEONARD : Hey, if anybody's INTERESTED, I think I worked out just where the HUMANDROID had his BOLTHOLE.

PANEL 4.

CHANGE ANGLE. NOW LEONARD'S COMPUTER HAS ITS VBACK TO US IN THE FOREGROUND, WITH LEONARD SITTING HUNCHED OVER HIS KEYBOARD IN THE IMMEDIATE BACKGROUND. SHAFT HAS CROSSED TO ROOM TO STAND BEHIND HIS CHAIR ON OUR RIGHT, AS IF TO LOOK OVER HIS SHOULDER. SHAFT, HOWEVER, IS TURNING HIS HEAD BACK AWAY FROM US TO LOOK TOWARDS A SCREEN IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND WHERE WE SEE TWILIGHT, DOC ROCKET AND JOHNNY PANIC IS OMEGAPOLIS, WITH DOC ROCKET CLOSEST TO THE FOREGROUND OF THE GROUP HERE. IF THERE'S ROOM, PERHAPS IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND OF THE YOUNGBLOOD COMMUNICATIONS CHAMBER, WE CAN SEE THE SCREEN WITH IMAGES OF ARCTURA'S ALIEN BASE ON IT, BUT THIS IS AN UNIMPORTANT DETAIL. IN THE FOREGROUND, LEONARD LOOKS SORT OF GRIMLY PLEASED WITH HIMSELF AS HE RUNS THROUGH THE DATA ON THE SCREEN. SHAFT HAS AN URGENT LOOK AS HE TURNS ROUND TO ADDRESS THE IMAGE OF DOC ROCKET ON THE SCREEN JUST BEHIND AND TO OUR RIGHT OF HIM.

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PANEL 4. (FROM OVER)

LEONARD : See, I got this SCRAPYARD, West of CHICAGO. POWER company records show its ELECTRICITY consumption was, like, off the SCALE.

LEONARD : The BEST bit is, this junkyard closed DOWN the same day that the HUMANDROID got DISMANTLED by JON PROPHET in the early 'SEVENTIES.

SHAFT : RACHEL? Are you GETTING this?

<u>PAGE 17.</u>

PANEL 1.

NOW A FOUR PANEL PAGE, IN WHICH WE TRY ANOTHER VISUAL TRICK BASED AROUND DOC ROCKET'S SUPER SPEED ABILITIES. THE WAY I SEE IT, THE PAGE IS DIVIDED INTO FOUR EQUAL HORIZONTAL PANELS. SPREAD ACROSS THE FOUR PANELS, WE HAVE ONE SINGLE PAGE LENGTH FULL FIGURE STILL SHOT OF DOC ROCKET IN A RUNNING POSTURE. HER HEAD AND SHOULDERS ARE IN PANEL ONE, HER TORSO AND ARMS ARE IN PANEL TWO, HER HIPS AND THIGHS ARE IN PANEL THREE AND HER LOWER LEGS AND FEET ARE IN PANEL FOUR. TAKEN TOGETHER, THESE MAKE UP A BIG FULL PAGE PIN-UP SHOT OF RACHEL, BUT DIVIDED INTO FOUR HORIZONTAL SECTIONS. THE THING IS, THE BACKGROUND OF EACH OF THE FOUR PANELS IS SET IN A WILDLY DIFFERENT LOCATION. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, OVER ON THE LEFT, WE CAN SEE HEAD AND SHOULDER IMAGES OF TWILIGHT AND JOHNNY PANIC AS THEY STAND JUST BEYOND DOC ROCKET IN THE IMMEDIATE LEFT BACKGROUND. MAYBE IN THE BACKGROUNS OF THESE FOUR PANELS THERE IS ALSO ANOTHER SPECIAL EFFECT WE

COULD TRY, BY HAVING STILL GLIMPSES OF THINGS LINKED TOGETHER BY A SORT OF HORIZONTAL SMEAR OF SPEEDLINES. THEREFORE, IN THIS PANEL, OVER ON THE LEFT WE SEE TWILIGHT AND JOHNNY. AT THEIR RIGHTMOST EDGE THEY ARE STARTING TO SMEAR INTO COLOURED SPEEDLINES THAT EXTEND A LITTLE WAY FURTHER ACROSS THE PANEL TOWARDS THE RIGHT, BEFORE BRIEFLY SOLIDIFYING INTO A STILL VIEW OF A COUPLE OF DISTINCTIVE OMEGAPOLIS SKYSCRAPERS, OVER TO THE RIGHT OF THE CENTRE, AND THEN DSSOLVING INTO SPEEDLINES AGAIN THAT BLUR OFF THE RIGHT HAND SIDE OF THE PANEL. THIS IS THE BACKGROUND, AND AGAINST THIS DOC ROCKET'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS ARE CLEAR AND DISTINCT, IN PROFILE HERE AS IF SHE WERE RUNNING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.

DOC ROCKET : >*HAHHHH*<. Yeah, yeah, yeah. Sorry, guys. I'm out of here. Can't say I LIKED the place much, anyway.

DOC ROCKET : All these buildings with giant GUYS, it looks like a Nuremberg Rally
THEME PARK.

DOC ROCKET : Okay, Shaft, I'm just leaving OMEGAPOLIS...

<u>PAGE 17.</u>

PANEL 2.

PANNING DOWN RACHEL'S BODY, NOW WE SEE HER TORSO AND ARMS, STILL RUNNING LEFT TO RIGHT ACROSS THE PANEL. HER HANDS ARE RAISED IN FRONT OF HER AND SHE IS HOLDING A TELEPHONE DIRECTORY, AS IF FLICKING THROUGH IT WHILE SHE RUNS. SOME OF THE PHONE BOOKS PAGES SEEM TO BE ON FIRE WITH THE FRICTION, AND THERE ARE MAYBE LOOSE AND BURNING PAGES, AS IF TORN OUT FROM THE BOOK BY THE SPEED OF HER SLIPSTREAM, THAT HANG BLAZING AND FLUTTERING IN THE AIR BEHIND HER, IN AN INCENDIARY TRAIL. THE ACTUAL BACKGROUND HERE IS AGAIN A MIXTURE OF STILL GLIMPSES JOINED TOGETHER BY A BLUR OF SMEARY SPEEDLINES. WE GET A GLIMPSE OF SOME DISTINCTIVE CHICAGO BUILDING OR LANDMARK OVER ON THE LEFT, EMERGING FROM THE SPEEDLINES BRIEFLY BEFORE SMEARING BACK INTO THEM AT ITS RIGHTMOST EXTREMITY, THE SPEEDLINES CONTINUING ACROSS TO THE RIGHT OF THE BACKGROUND WHERE THEY BRIEFLY RESOLVE INTO AN IMAGE OF A SCRAPYARD BEFORE THE IMAGE IS AGAIN REDUCED TO BLURRED SPEEDLINES THAT RUN OFF PANEL RIGHT. AGAINST THIS, IN THE FOREGROUND, WE SEE RACHEL'S TORSO AS SHE RUNS BY HOLDING THE BURNING PHONE BOOK.

DOC : ...and entering CHICAGO, crossing the city to the West side. Better grab me a DIRECTORY from the PHONE COMPANY along the WAY.

DOC : Hmm. Let's SEE. It seems that EAST of the City, I have fifteen...no, eleven... no, FIVE scrapyards that could be the place.

DOC : Three. Two.

PANEL 3.

NOW IN THE FOREGROUND, WE SEE RACHEL'S HIPS AND THIGHS AS SHE RUNS BY FROM LEFT TO RIGHT. THE BACKGROUND HERE IS AGAIN PARTLY SMEARED. TO THE LEFT, THE SPEEDLINES GIVE WAY TO A CLOSE UP IMAGE OF SCRAP METAL, WHICH IN TURN LITERALLY MELTS INTO A BLUR OF RED-HOT COLOURED SPEEDLINES IN WHICH WE CAN MAYBE SEE GLOBULES OF MOLTEN METAL HANGING IN SUSPENSION. OVER ON THE RIGHT, THE SPEEDLINES RESOLVE INTO THE SCRAP-METAL INTERIOR OF A ROBOT SUPERVILLAIN'S HIDEOUT, WITH SPARE BODY PARTS AND STUFF HANGING IN THE WORKSHOP-LIKE BACKGROUND. THE SPEEDLINES THEN RESUME TO RUN OFF THE RIGHT HAND BORDER OF THE PANEL.

DOC ROCKET : I got it.

DOC ROCKET : I'm going to have to VIBRATE my way into the SCRAP HEAP, jiggling the AIR MOLECULES till they SUPERHEAT and MELT my way through!

DOC ROCKET : Okay, I found the HUMANDROID'S workshop. Everything's old and RUSTED. There's lots of SPARES and stuff that I'd better check for the LOOT...

PAGE 17.

PANEL 4.

IN THIS PANEL WE SEE DOC ROCKET'S FEET AND LOWER LEGS IN THE FOREGROUND, JUST SKIDDING TO A HALT. THERE ARE SPEEDLINES STREAKING INTO THE PANEL FROM THE LEFT BEFORE RESOLVING INTO A CLEAR VIEW OF THE CHAMBER IN YOUNGBLOOD HEADQUARTERS WHERE WE SAW SHAFT AND LEONARD ON OUR PREVIOUS PAGE. THEY ARE QUITE SMALL FIGURES SITTING BY THEIR SCREENS OVER IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND, ACROSS THE EXPANSE OF TILED FLOOR THAT DOC ROCKET'S FEET ARE SKIDDING TO A HALT ON IN THE CENTRE FOREGROUND. BOTH SHAFT AND THE WHEELCHAIR-BOUND LEONARD TURN THEIR HEADS AND LOOKS ROUND TOWARDS THE FOREGROUND IN SURPRISE AS DOC ROCKET SKIDS TO A HALT THERE.

DOC ROCKET : Nah.

DOC ROCKET : It's not there.

PAGE 18.

PANEL 1.

A SIX PANEL PAGE NOW. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE HAVE THE INTERIOR OF THE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, WITH DOC ROCKET NOW STANDING COOLY AND CASUALLY OVER TO THE LEFT AND LEONARD SITTING IN HIS CHAIR SOMEWHERE TOWARDS THE MIDDLE. TO THE RIGHT WE

SEE SHAFT AS HE TURNS TOWARDS THE SCREEN ON THE WALL IN THE BACKGROUND WHERE WE CAN SEE TWILIGHT AND JOHNNY PANIC LOOKING BACK AT US.

SHAFT : It's not? Well, okay. That's four down, three to go.

SHAFT : Twilight, I've got an address for the Marlin's WIDOW. Maybe you and Johnny could check her out?

SHAFT : And go easy, okay? Remember, she's a CIVILLIAN.

PANEL 2.

NOW A SHOT OF AN ORDINARY SUBURBAN HOUSE SOMEWHERE IN THE SUBURBS OF OMEGAPOLIS. IN THE FOREGROUND WE SEE A MAIL BOX AND THE END OF THE DRIVE WITH THE NAME "RIVERS" ON IT. LOOKING BEYOND THIS, WE SEE TWILIGHT SITTING ON THE FRONT OF HER NITE-CYCLE WITH JOHNNY SITTING ON THE PILLION, HANGING ON TO THE SEAT AND SITTING UP STIFFLY, HIS HAIR BLOWING BACK IN THE BREEZE AND LOOKING A LITTLE ANXIOUS AS TWILIGHT EXPERTLY PILOTS THE BIKE UP THE FRONT DRIVE AND TOWARDS THE ORDINARY SUBURBAN HOME WE SEE WAITING IN THE BACKGROUND.

No Dialogue

PANEL 3.

NOW WE ARE ON THE FRONT PORCH OR DOORSTEP OF THE HOUSE. IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND, A WOMAN IN HER EARLY SIXTIES OPENS THE DOOR AND GAZES OUT WITH A FAINTLY WORRIED EXPRESSION AT

<u>**PAGE 18.**</u>

PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)

TWILIGHT AND JOHNNY, WHO STAND ON THE PORCH IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND LOOKING IN TOWARDS HER, TRYING TO LOOK AS FRIENDLY AND NON-THREATENING AS POSSIBLE.

WOMAN : Y-Yes?

TWILIGHT : Don't be ALARMED, Mrs. Rivers. We represent YOUNGBLOOD and just had a few questions about your late husband EDWARD Rivers, also known as THE MARLIN.

TWILIGHT : Did he have a HIDEOUT, to your knowledge?

PANEL 4.

NOW WE CHANGE ANGLES. WE ARE INSIDE THE WOMAN'S HOME, WTH THE OPEN FRONT DOOR OVER IN THE BACKGROUNF TOWARDS THE RIGHT. THE WOMAN STANDS ON OUR SIDE OF THE OPEN DOOR, WITH TWILIGHT AND JOHNNY VISIBLE AS WE LOOK OUT THROUGH IT, LOOKING IN TOARDS US. THE WOMAN IS TURNING ROUND FROM THE OPEN DOOR TO LOOK ANXIOUSLY OVER HER SHOULDER BACK TOWARDS THE LEFT FOREGROUND WHERE WE SEE A MAN OF AROUND FORTY WITH A CHECKERED SHIRT AND A RECEEDING HAIRLINE LUMBERING TOWARDS THE FRONT DOOR ACROSS THE ROOM. HE IS

VERY BIG AND FAT, WITH AN ARCHETYPAL TRUCKER'S BUILD. THE BIT OF THE ROOM WE CAN SEE IS VERY ORDINARY LOOKING EXCEPT THAT THERE IS A FRAMED PICTURE ON ONE WALL OF THE MARLIN IN FULL COSTUME, WITH HIS SPECIAL HELMET ON. THE BURLY MAN, WHOSE NAME IS GEORGE, SCOWLS SUSPICIOUSLY AS HE LUMBERS ACROSS THE ROOM TO BE AT HIS MOTHER'S SIDE. BOTH TWILIGHT AND JOHNNY START TO LOOK A LITTLE NERVOUS AS THE BIG MAN LUMBERS OUT TO JOIN HIS MOTHER.

GEORGE : Who is it, momma?

WOMAN : I-It's some people from one of the SUPERTEAMS, George. They're looking for your father's HIDEOUT...

TWILIGHT : Uh, look, if this is INCONVENIENT we can call back some other TIME...

PANEL 5.

NOW WE ARE BACK OUTSIDE THE HOUSE, WITH TWILIGHT AND JOHNNY MAKING THEIR APOLOGIES IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND AND STARTING TO BACK RESPECTFULLY AWAY FROM THE FRONT DOOR, WHICH IS OPEN IN THE NEAR LEFT BACKGROUND, BLOCKED BY THE QUIETLY ANGRY LOOKING GEORGE AND HIS FRAIL AND WORRIED LOOKING MOTHER.

GEORGE : Don't BOTHER. Daddy didn't HAVE no hideout. He weren't RICH like them OTHER guys!

GEORGE : He worked HERE, until that FISHERMAN guy JAILED him, where he DIED!

MOTHER : Now, George...

TWILIGHT : I-It's okay. We should go.

<u>PAGE 18.</u>

PANEL 6.

NOW THE HOUSE IS IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND, WITH MOTHER AND GEORGE STILL STANDING IN THE OPEN DOORWAY, WATCHING THEIR UNWELCOME GUESTS DEPART. WE CA SEE A LITTLE OF TWILIGHT'S CYCLE PROPPED UP IN THE EXTREME RIGHT FOREGROUND. TWILIGHT AND JOHNNY ACROSS THE LAWN TOWARDS IT, WITH JOHNNY SHOOTING A NERVOUS GLANCE BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER AT THE GLOWERING GEORGE WHO STANDS IN THE DOORWAY OF THE HOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND, WATCHING THEM GO. TWILIGHT LOOKS MORE SAD AND RESIGNED AS SHE WALKS TOWARDS THE CYCLE IN THE FOREGROUND.

JOHNNY : Jeez. That was INTENSE. I never THOUGHT about villains having FAMILIES...

TWILIGHT : They're just like anyone ELSE, Johnny, only EVIL and with SUPER-POWERS.

TWILIGHT : We'd better head HOME. They'll need us tracking down those OTHER hideouts...

PAGE 19.

PANEL 1.

NOW A FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE CUT SUDDENLY TO STAR CITY. IT IS LATE AFTERNOON, EARLY EVENING. WE ARE OUTSIDE THE PARTLY COLLAPSED AND DERELICT URBAN SITE THAT USED TO BE THE OFFICES OF THE ***KNAVE & TOFF*** GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE COMPANY. WE SEE THE SEMI-RUINED SHELL OF THE BUILDING FROM OUTSIDE THE CHAINLINK FENCE THAT WALLS OFF THE OBVIOUSLY CONDEMNED AND DANGEROUS SITE. THE NEIGHBOURHOOD THAT THE OFFICES ARE SEMI-STANDING IN LOOKS ALMOST AS BAD AS THE OFFICES THEMSELVES. THIS IS A PART OF STAR CITY THAT HAS BEEN LEFT AS AN URBAN WASTELAND AND SLUM SINCE THE EARLY SEVENTIES. DOC ROCKET'S BALLOON ISSUES FROM THE GROTESQUE AND SHADOWY RUINS OF THE MAGAZINE OFFICES, WITH THE HALF-DAMAGED FACE OF A 'FIFTIES PIN-UP GIRL WINKING FROM THE MAGAZINE'S HOARDING-SIGN. (SEE ***SUPREME 47*** FOR SHOTS OF THE KNAVE AND TOFF MAGAZINE COMPANY AND THE DANDY'S DEN THAT IS INSIDE IT SOMEWHERE.)

DOC ROCKET (OFF, FROM RUINS) : What a DUMP.

PANEL 2.

CUT TO THE SHADOWY INTERIOR OF THE DERELICT RUINS. WALKING CAUTIOUSLY TOWARDS US THROUGH THE DARKNESS, PICKING THEIR WAY OVER COLLAPSED WALLS AND MASONRY AND STUFF, WE SEE YOUNGBLOOD. TWILIGHT, IN THE LEAD, HAS A LARGE FLASHLIGHT WHICH SHE PLAYS OVER THE GROUND AHEAD OF HER AS SHE ADVANCES. BIG BROTHER, IN ONE OF HIS SMALLEST BODIES, IS STOOPING AS HE NAVIGATES THE LOW-CEILINGED TUNNEL-LIKE AREA THEY ARE WALKING THROUGH, OVER IN THE BACKGROUND HERE. HE PROBABLY HAS SEARCH LIGHTS BUILT INTO HIS ROBOT BODY, WHICH WOULD ALSO BE SWITCHED ON HERE. SUPREMA MAYBE GLIDES THROUGH THE DARKNESS, LIGHTING HER WAY WITH HER OWN EYE BEAMS. SHAFT, DOC ROCKET AND JOHNNY PANIC PICK THEIR OWN WAY THROUGH THE RUBBLE, SOMEWHERE TOWARDS THE RIGHT. JOHNNY LOOKS BORED AND FED UP.

TWILIGHT : Yeah, well, these GIRLY MAGAZINE offices used to be a FRONT for Jack-A-Dandy's DEN, back in the 'SIXTIES.

TWILIGHT : Obviously, the neighbourhood went DOWNHILL since then...

JOHNNY : Look, I'm SORRY, but this is really BORING. I thought Youngblood would be, like, fighting VILLAINS.

JOHNNY : THIS stuff is like Police PROCEDURAL work or something!

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLE. JOHNNY, TWILIGHT, SHAFT AND DOC ROCKET NOW FACE AWAY FROM US, SOMEWHERE IN THE FOREGROUND. THEY ARE LOOKING TOWARDS THE RIGHT BACKGROUND WHERE, AT TWILIGHT'S ORDER, WE SEE SUPREMA AND BIG BROTHER AS THEY BOTH STOOP TO LIFT EITHER END OF A WALL THAT WE SEE BLOCKING THE HEROES

PAGE 19.

PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)

PATH IN THE BACKGROUND. THIS IS ALL PRESUMABLY LIT BY SOME MIXTURE OF TWILIGHT'S FLASHBEAM, SUPREMA'S EYE-RAYS OR BIG BROTHER'S SEARCHLIGHTS. WHATEVER LOOKS MOST ATMOSPHERIC TO YOU, STEVE, BASICALLY. TWILIGHT POINTS TO THE WALL THAT SHE WANTS SHIFTING AS SHE SPEAKS, OFF-HANDEDLY, TO JOHNNY, WITHOUT LOOKING AT HIM AS SHE DOES SO. SHAFT IS OVER IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND SOMEWHERE, LOOKING AT TWILIGHT AS HE SPEAKS.

TWILIGHT : Johnny, if you haven't realised that superheroes are BORING yet, then you just haven't spent enough time with WAXEY! This stuff has to be DONE.

TWILIGHT : Leonard, can you and SUPREMA lift that WALL out of the way, please?

SHAFT : You mean the actual DANDY'S DEN is back there someplace?

PANEL 4.

CHANGE ANGLE WE ARE NOW ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL, WHICH WE SEE SUPREMA AND BIG BROTHER LOWERING BACK INTO PLACE IN THE BACKGROUND. JOHNNY PANIC, TWILIGHT, SHAFT AND DOC ROCKET HAVE ALREADY COME THROUGH THE SPACE BENEATH THE WALL AND ARE GAZING TOWARDS US IN THE FOREGROUND, LOOKING AT SOME OFF PANEL CHAMBER THAT WE CAN'T SEE YET. TWILIGHT, LOOKING MORE RELAXED THAT THE OTHERS, GESTURES CASUALLY TOWARDS THE OFF PANEL FOREGROUND AS SHE SHE SHOWS THE OTHERS SOMETHING THAT SHE HAS BEEN FAMILIAR WITH FOR YEARS. SHAFT, JOHNNY AND DOC ROCKET ALL LOOKS SLACK JAWED WITH DISBELIEF.

TWILIGHT : Uh-huh. Jeff, you remember you asked me earlier if all the 'sixties villains were nuts?

TWILIGHT : Well, here's your ANSWER: A classic super-villain lair furnished in late Industrial PSYCHOTIC.

SHAFT : My God...

DOC ROCKET : Wow. That is SO cool.

PAGE 20.

PANEL 1.

NOW A THREE PANEL PAGE, WITH THIS FIRST PANEL BEING LARGEST AND TAKING UP THE TOP HALF OF THE PAGE. WE ARE INSIDE THE DANDY'S DEN, MORE OR LESS AS SEEN IN ISSUE 47 OF SUPREME. GIANT PROPS LOOM EVERYWHERE...GIANT DICE, GIANT MONOCHLES, GIANT PLAYING CARDS, GIANT WHISKEY BOTTLES, A HUGE POOL TABLE AND SO ON. THIS LOOKED PRETTY MAD AND WEIRD BACK IN THE 'SIXTIES, ONE ASSUMES, BUT AS SEEN HERE, COVERED IN TWENTY YEARS OR DUST AND DECAY, THE HUGE SHAPES LIT ONLY BY THE VARIOUS BEAMS THAT THE HEROES BRING TO PLAY UPON THEM AS THEY STAND AMONGST THEM DOWN BELOW, WITH DOC ROCKET, JOHNNY

PAGE 20.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

PANIC AND MAYBE EVEN BIG BROTHER LOOKING UP IN BEWILDERED AWE. TWILIGHT GRIMACES SLIGHTLY AND LOOKS BORED WITH THE WHOLE THING. SHAFT, LOOKING SERIOUS AND CONCERNED MAINLY WITH THE JOB IN HAND, TURNS AND LOOKS AT SUPREMA, WHO IS OVER ON OUR RIGHT HERE, FACING OFF PANEL RIGHT, IN WHICH DIRECTION WHE IS TRAINING THE RED THREADLIGHTS OF HER EYE-BEAMS, OFF INTO THE DARKNESS BEYOND THE PANEL BORDER. HER FACE IS SET INTO A PRUDISH GRIMACE OF DIAPPROVAL. ALL AROUND, THE GAINT SHADOWS CAST BY THE VARIOUS SEARCHLIGHTS AND FLASHLIGHTS LOOM, MAKING THE PLACE LOOK EVEN MORE NIGHTMARISH AND GROTESQUE.

DOC ROCKET : Look at all this GIANT stuff! I've heard WAXEY talk about the "HUGE PROPS PERIOD" in the 'sixties, but I never SAW any before!

TWILIGHT : Yeah, well, if you'd spent as much time tied up in giant ROULETTE WHEELS as *I* have, the novelty would wear OFF, believe me.

SHAFT : The point IS, is the MONEY hidden here? SUPREMA?

SUPREMA : HMMPH! No. There's just piles of dirty MAGAZINES...and I don't know HOW that woman on page FORTY can LIVE with herself!

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLE. SUPREMA STANDS OVER TO OUR LEFT NOW, GAZING INDIGNANTLY OFF PANEL TO THE LEFT, TRAINING HER EYE BEAMS ON SOME OFF PANEL POINT. IN THE FOREGROUND AND MORE TO THE RIGHT. TWILIGHT STANDS LOOKING THROUGHTFUL. SHAFT, EVEN MORE TO THR RIGHT, LOOKS AT TWILIGHT WITH A REASSURING SHRUG. UP TO YOU WHETHER WE CAN SEE ANY OF THE OTHERS IN THE BACKGROUND, CHECKING OUT THE MANY STRANGE SIGHTS OF THE DANDY'S DEN. MAYBE BIG BROTHER LOOMS SMEWHERE IN THE BACKGROUND, CHECKING OUT THE CEILING FIXTURES.

SUPREMA : ..while as for that SLUT on page twelve of issue SIXTEEN...

TWILIGHT : Uh, yeah, okay Suprema. I think we've all got the IDEA.

TWILIGHT : Well, I guess we didn't EXPECT the loot to be here. Why would Jack be LOOKING if he knew where it WAS?

SHAFT : We had to CHECK. Now there's only DOCTOR CLOCK...

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLE AGAIN, SO THAT WE'RE LOOKING DOWN FROM BIG BROTHER'S HEAD LEVEL, WITH LEONARD HIMSELF LOOMING UP IN THE RIGHT LEFT FOREGROUND, HE LOOKS DOWN AND BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER TO WHERE HIS SMALLER COLLEAGUES STAND DOWN BELOW HIM, AMONGST THE HUGE AND STRANGE PROPS THAT FILL THE DANDY'S DEN.

PAGE 20.

PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Oh, yeah, I called the ALLIES about Clock EARLIER. Talked to GLORY, the WOMAN of the group. Had this cosy token-to-token CHAT...

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : She said Doc's H.Q, the CLOCK-TOWER, was in the HILLS outside OMEGAPOLIS.

JOHNNY PANIC : Then what are we WAITING for? Let's get OVER there are wrap this UP!

PAGE 21.

PANEL 1.

ANOTHER THREE PANEL PAGE, AGAIN WITH THE FIRST PANEL AS THE BIGGEST ONE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE CUT TO THE NIGHT SKIES JUST OVER THE HILLY REGION OUTSIDE THE CITY OF OMEGAPOLIS. MAYBE WE SEE THE DISTANT LIGHTS OF THE CITY IN THE BACKGROUND, WITH THE HILLS REARING UP INTO THE FOREGROUND. FLYING THROUGH THE NIGHT SKY TOWARDS US IN A STANDING AND UPRIGHT POSITION WE SEE BIG BROTHER. SHAFT AND JOHNNY PANIC ARE STANDING ON FOOT-HOLDS THAT JUT OUT FROM THE LARGE ROBOT'S LOWER LEGS, ONE OF THEM ON EITHER SIDE, AND HOLDING ON TO HIM ROUND HIS WIDE METAL WAIST. MORE TOWARDS THE RIGHT, SUPREMA SOARS THROUGH THE NIGHT TOWARDS US WITH TWILIGHT HANGING ON AROUND HER NECK BEHIND HER LIKE A SECOND CAPE AS SHE FLIIES. ,WHERE THE HILLS RISE UP TOWARDS US IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, WE SEE DOC ROCKET STREAKING UP INTO SIGHT IN THE RIGHT BOTTOM FOREGROUND, A LONG DUST TRAIL ZIG ZAGGING BEHIND HER, BACK TOWARDS THE CITY IN THE DISTANCE.

SHAFT : Well, if the loot ISN'T at Clock's lair, at least we'll know the Dandy was after something ELSE!

SHAFT : What do you remember about the original CASE, Linda?

TWILIGHT : Doc Clock's TIME-TRADER would swap objects of equivalent MASS from ONE time to ANOTHER.

TWILIGHT : A lot of BANK VAULTS were emptied of CASH and filled with prehistoric BOULDERS and stuff.

PANEL 2.

REVERSE ANGLE SO THAT WE'RE UP IN THE AIR, IMMEDIATELY BEHIDN TWILIGHT AND SUPREMA, WHO WE SEE UP IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND, HALF FIGURE TO HEAD AND SHOULDERS, WITH US LOOKING DOWN OVER THEIR SHOULDERS AS SUPREMA INTERRUPTS TWILIGHT TO POINT DOWN TOWARDS A ROCKY OUTCROPPING FROM THE LANDSCAPE BELOW THEM. DOWN BELOW, IN THE NEAR RIGHT BACKGROUND, WE SEE MULTIPLE IMAGES OF DOC ROCKET AS SHE STARTS TO MANUALLY DIG A TUNNEL AT SUPER SPEED INTO THE BASE OF THE ROCKY OUTCROPPING.

PAGE 21.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

TWILIGHT : The Allies had to go back in TIME to fight the VILLAINS. SUPREME went to the STONE AGE, Professor NIGHT to 3rd. century ROME...

SUPREMA : Sorry to INTERRUPT, Linda, but I can see the den's ENTRANCE! It's below that ROCK FORMATION...

DOC ROCKET : No PROBLEM. Give me two seconds, I'll open a TUNNEL...

PANEL 3.

NOW WE ARE INSIDE A SORT OF METAL TILED AREA WITH A ROCK WALL IN THE BACKGROUND BEYOND IT. THERE IS A LARGE NEAT TUNNEL BORED INTO THE ROCK WAL, THROUGH WHICH WE CAN SE THE NIGHT TIME HILLS BEYOND. DOC ROCKET STANDS IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND, DUSTING HER HANDS OFF. IN THE EXTREME RIGHT FOREGROUND, WE CAN SEE THE REAR OF SOME SORT OF LARGE HIGH TECH SCREEN APPARATUS. THERE ARE SOFT LIGHTS IN THE INTERIOR OF THE HIDDEN BASE. THE VARIOUS YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS WALK OR FLY INTO THE BASE FROM THE BACKGROUND, THROUGH THE TUNNEL THAT DOC HAS MADE FOR THEM. JOHNNY PANIC POINTS TO THE BIG SCREEN IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND.

DOC ROCKET : There. One and a half seconds.

DOC ROCKET : Of course, that's three hours SUBJECTIVE time. during which you guys just STOOD there!

SHAFT : It doesn't matter: we're IN! Hey, you know, this place looks in pretty good CONDITION. The ELECTRICS are all working...

JOHNNY : Yeah. What;s that big SCREEN over there? Does it switch ON?

PAGE 22.

PANEL 1.

ANOTHER THREE PANEL PAGE, AGAIN WITH THE FIRST PANEL AS THE BIGGEST ONE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE HAVE THE VARIOUS YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS FACING AWAY FROM US DOWN INTHE BOTTOM FOREGROUND. FILLING THE PANEL BEYOND THEM WE HAVE THE GAINT HIGH TECH SCREEN. AS TWILIGHT INNOCENTLY TOUCHES A BUTTON OVER TO THE LEFT OF THE PANEL, THE SCREEN FLARES INTO LIFE WITH A VIDEO FILM IMAGES, PRESUMABLY SHOT DURING THE 1960S, OF THE ENTIRE ASSEMBLED ***ALLIES OF EVIL***, ALL SITTING OR STANDING AND FACING THE CAMERA AS THEY SPEAK INTO IT, ALL WEARING SMUG, KNOWING AND VINDICTIVE SMILES. TOWARDS THE FRONT WE HAVE ***DARIUS DAX***, SEEN HERE AS A YOUNG-TO-MIDDLE AGED MAN, HOW HE WAS WHEN HE FOUGHT SUPREME IN THE SIXTIES. ALSO AT THE FRONT ARE A MUCH YOUNGER AND MORE PRESENTABLE LOOKING ***JACK A DANDY***, AND SOMEWHERE JUST BEHIND HIM THERE IS ***DR. CLOCK***. CROWDING INTO THE PICTURE BEHIND THEM WE SEE ***THE MARLIN, KILLER CRAB, THE HUMANDROID*** AND ***ARCTURA***. SMILING, DAX ADDRESSES THE CAMERA. PERPLEXED AND DUMBFOUNDED, THE HEROES LOOK ON AT TYHE GIANT SCREEN FROM

PAGE 22.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

THE FOREGROUND.

TWILIGHT : Yeah, I think so. I think you just...oh.

DAX (CRACKLE, FROM SCREEN) : Greetings, ALLIES! If you're watching this, then we assume that you have temporarily DEFEATED us, and are now searching for the PROFITS from our crimes!

DAX (CRACKLE FROM SCREEN) : It was probably YOU, Supreme, who FOUND the base with your SUPER-VISION, after YOU, Professor Night, deduced its WHEREABOUTS!

DANDY (CRACKLE FROM SCREEN) : You're so bally PREDICTABLE, chaps... and now you've gotten yourselves into rather a PICKLE!

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLE HERE SO THAT WE MAYBE SEE ONE CORNER OF THE SCREEN STICKING INTO THE LEFT FOREGROUND, FROM BEHIND, SO THAT WE DON'T SEE THE IMAGE ON THE SCREEN HERE. WHAT WE SEE INSTEAD ARE THE VARIOUS YOUNGBLOD MEMBERS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE SCREEN AS THEY WHEEL ROUND IN ALARM AND LOOK TOWARDS THE BACKGROUND. IN THE BACKGROUND, ACROSS THE TILED METAL FLOOR WE SEE GIGANTIC PNEUMATIC SHIELD DOORS SLIDING DOWN FROM ABOVE TO BLOCK OFF THE TUNNEL THAT DOC ROCKET MADE AND ALOS TO COVER THE ENTIRE VISIBLE WALL SPACE IN SHIELDING. THIS IS DONE WITH A PNEUMATIC HISS AND MAYBE SOME DECORATIVE CLOUDS OF ESCAPING PRESSURIZED GAS, JUST FOR THE LOOK OF THINGS. THE YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS LOOK SURPRISED AND STARTLED AS THEY REALISE THAT THEY ARE SEALED IN. DAX'S CRACKLE-EDGED BALLOON ISSUES FROM THE SCREEN.

DAX (OFF, CRACKLE, FROM SCREEN) : Jack's RIGHT, old foes! Just about now, the automatic SHIELD DOORS should be sealing you inside the CLOCK-TOWER...

F.X. (DOORS SEALING) : *SSSHOOOMM*

F.X. (DOORS SEALING) : *FFSSHHHOOM*

JOHNNY PANIC : What in Hell..?

SHAFT : Twilight, what IS this? What's going ON?

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLE AGAIN. NOW THE HEROES, HAVING TURNED THEIR BACKS ON THE SCREEN, STAND FACING US IN THE FOREGROUND WITH THE HUGE SCREEN LOOMING BEHIND THEM, ALSO FACING US. TWILIGHT, ON THE LEFT, SUDDENLY LOOKS WORRIED AND FULL OF

PAGE 22.

PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)

SELF RECRIMINATION. SHAFT, STANDING BESIDE HER, LOOKS ON AT TWILIGHT IN CONCERN, STILL NOT FULLY UNDERSTANDING HOW DESPERATE THEIR SITUATION IS. SUPREMA, TOWARDS THE RIGHT, IS TRAINING HER EYE BEAMS ON SOME OFF-PANEL POINT, BUT EVIDENTLY TO NO EFFECT. SHE LOOKS UPSET BY THIS. FROM THE SCREEN BEHIND THEM, DARIUS DAX AND HIS COHORTS LEER VICTORIOUSLY.

TWILIGHT : I...I made a MISTAKE. Oh God, after all I SAID. I UNDERESTIMATED him...

DAX (CRACKLE, FROM SCREEN) : Don't bother trying to PUNCH your way out, DIEHARD. The same goes for SPACEHUNTER and GLORY!

DANDY (CRACKLE FROM SCREEN) : Ra-THER! Dear DARIUS here designed the SHIELD DOORS to be SUPREME-PROOF! Absolutely SPIFFING, what?

SUPREMA : H-He's RIGHT! They're not MELTING!

PAGE 23.

PANEL 1.

NOW A FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE ARE PERHAPS LOOKING DOWN AT THE ASSEMBLED GROUP AS THEY STAND BEFORE THE SCREEN. UP IN THE FOREGROUND, SLIDING OUT OF A RECESS IN THE CEILING OR UPPER WALL WE SEE SOME SORT OF MULTI-LENSED, MULTIPLE-RAY PROJECTOR. DOWN BELOW, THE VARIOUS YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS LOOK UP IN ALARM. JOHNNY PANIC POINTS TO THE EMERGING RAY PROJECTOR. IF WE CAN SEE THE SCREEN, DARIUS DAX IS STEPPING BACK TO ALLOW DOCTOR CLOCK TO STEP TO THE FORE AND ADDRESS THE CAPTIVE AUDIENCE.

DAX (CRACKLE, FROM SCREEN) : Perhaps DR. CLOCK should take up the narrative from here! Doctor..?

CLOCK (CRACKLE, FROM SCREEN) : Ah yes. Guten TAG, dear GLORY...and your FRIENDS, of course. You are currently inside my TIME-TRADER'S main REACTION CHAMBER.

CLOCK (CRACKLE, FROM SCREEN) : You may notice the process already BEGINNING...

JOHNNY PANIC : Shaft, there's stuff coming out of the WALLS...

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE DOWN ON THE CHAMBER FLOOR AMONGST THE SOMEWHAT STARTLED AND PANIC STRICKEN MEMBERS OF YOUNGBLOOD AS THE AIR AROUND THEM IS SUDDENLY FILLED WITH A BOMBARDMENT OF RAYS...PROBABLY RAYS THAT ARE LIKE STREAMS OF SLIGHTLY ROUNDED HYPHENS, LIKE THE ORIGINAL COSMIC RAYS THAT ZAPPED THE FANTASTIC FOUR, ONLY MORE

PAGE 23.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

MODERN AND UP TO DATE, WITH FLASHIER COLOR EFFECTS. WE SEE BIG BROTHER STRIDE FORWARD, TRYING TO PUT HIMSELF BETWEEN THE RAYS AND THE OTHER ALLIES. ON THE SCREEN BEHIND THEM ALL, STILL VISIBLE THROUGH THE RAYS, WE SEE THE LEERING FACE OF DOCTOR CLOCK.

CLOCK (CRACKLE, FROM SCREEN) : The bombardment of supercharged TACHYONS will propel you to a random location in the PAST, from which you will NEVER have the means to RETURN!

CLOCK (CRACKLE FROM SCREEN) : Auf WEIDERSEHEN, Allies! We shall meet again, perhaps, in ETERNITY! HA HA HA HA HA!

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Get behind me and SUPREMA! Maybe we're INVULNERABLE to this stuff...

PANEL 3.

SIMILAR SHOT, DOWN ON THE CHAMBER FLOOR AMONGST THE MEMBERS OF YOUNGBLOOD AS THEY ARE BOMBARDED WITH THE RAYS, ONLY HERE THE RAYS ARE GETTING BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER, SO THAT WE CAN BARELY MAKE OUT THE INDIVIDUAL YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS AS THEIR OUTLINES START TO FRAGMENT AND BREAK UP INTO THE BRILLIANCE. TO THE LEFT WE SEE SUPREMA, LOOKING SCARED. TO THE RIGHT WE SEE DOC ROCKET LOOKING EQUALLY SCARED AS SHE CLINGS TO BIG BROTHER. WE CAN BARELY MAKE ANYBODY OUT, THE LIGHT IS SO BRIGHT.

SUPREMA : No. Nothing's proof against THIS! This is attacking us on a PARTICLE level!

SUPREMA : I...I can't hold myself TOGETHER...

DOC ROCKET : Leonard, I'm SCARED. I'm coming to BITS...

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Me too, Rache. It's this LIGHT! It's just getting BRIGHTER and BRIGHTER and...

PANEL 4.

WHITE OUT. THE WHOLE PANEL FLOODS WITH DAZZLING LIGHT. NO MEMBERS OF YOUNGBLOOD ARE STILL VISIBLE. EVERYTHING IS CONSUMED BY THE BLINDING LIGHT.

No Dialogue

PAGE 24.

PANEL 1.

A THREE PANEL PAGE NOW. THE FIRST TWO PANELS NEED ONLY BE QUITE SMALL, LEAVING THE FINAL PANEL AS THE LARGEST. IN THIS FIRST SMALL PANEL, WE CUT TO SOMEWHERE ELSE. ALL WE SEE HERE IS A MONOCHLE BEING HELD UP BETWEEN THE THUMB AND FOREFINGER OF A RATHER SOILED AND GRUBBY GENTLEMAN'S

PAGE 24.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

GLOVE. THE LIGHT CATCHES THE RIM OF THE MONOCHLE, AND THERE IS A SMALL BUT DAZZLING FLASH OF LIGHT THAT MIRRORS, ON A SMALLER SCALE, THE FLASH OF LIGHT THAT ENDED OUT LAST SCENE, JUST TO PROVIDE A VISUAL TRANSITION BETWEEN THE TWO SCENES. JACK A DANDY'S BALLOON ISSUES FROM OFF PANEL HERE.

JACK A DANDY (OFF) : There...

PANEL 2.

NOW WE CHANGE OUR SHOT. WE ARE LOOKING THROUGH JACK A DANDY'S EYES AS HE LOWERS THE MONOCHLE. ALL WE CAN REALLY SEE OF HIM ARE HIS HANDS AND ARMS IN THE FOREGROUND, HIS BALOONS ISSUING FROM OFF. IN THE BACKGROUND, WE CAN SEE THAT THE DANDY IS SITTING IN ONE OF THE DAY ROOMS AT MISKATONIC ASYLUM, SEATED AT A TABLE THAT WE SEE UP IN THE FOREGROUND. SITTING AT THE TABLE WITH HIM IS THE ***LOUNGE LIZARD.*** ON THE TABLE IS A SLIGHTLY CRUMPLED HALF-FULL PACK OF CIGARETTES. THE LOUNGE LIZARD STARTS TO EXTEND ONE OF HIS SCALEY HANDS TOWARDS THE PACKET HERE AS HE SPEAKS TO THE OFF PANEL JACK A DANDY.

JACK A DANDY (OFF) : The TRACER SNUFF I blew onto poor Twilight's CHAIR before her VISIT has just flared out of existence on my MONOCHLE MONITOR.

JACK A DANDY (OFF) : YOUNGBLOOD are GONE.

LOUNGE LIZARD : Oh, well PLAAAAYED, ssssir!

LOUNGE LIZARD : Now, asssss for our WAAAAGER....

PANEL 3.

NOW WE CHANGE ANGLE FOR A FRONTAL SHOT OF THE DEPRAVED, LUNATIC FIGURE OF JACK A DANDY AS HE SITS THERE IN HIS CHAIR SMILING. PNE GLOVED HAND DARTS FORWARD AND CATCHES THE LOUNGE LIZARD CRUELLY AND PAINFULLY BY THE WRIST. THE OTHER HAND DEFTLY SNATCHED UP THE HALF FULL PACK OF CIGARETTES FROM THE TABLE. AT THE MAIN FOCUS OF THE PANEL, THE DANDY OPENS HIS MOUTH TO SHOW HIS ROTTED TEETH IN A HDEOUS AND CLEVER SMILE. HIS EYES DANCE WITH MAD INTELLIGENCE THAT LOOKS VERY DANGEROUS. HE'S WON. DOWN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE, IN THE NEXT MONTH BOX, THE LETTERING SHOULD HAVE A KIND OF WESTERN COMIC LOOK TO IT, MAYBE WITH BULLET HOLES OR SOME OTHER LESS-USED WESTERN COMICBOOK ICON. I LEAVE IT UP TO RICHARD AND CO.

JACK A DANDY : Ah-ah-AH! Don't go trying to slither OUT of it, Lizzie old bean! A half-pack of CIGARETTES, that's what we AGREED...

JACK A DANDY : ...and a gentleman's WORD is his BOND!

BOX (UNDER) : NEXT : ***<u>YOUNG GUNS!</u>***